

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF  
AMERICAN LIFE  
IN FICTION FACT  
AND COMMENT

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## Camp Fire Number Three Wedding Cake

THE third stage of the journey led Al and Sary Quillan into the hills, up and down steep rocky slopes gorgeous in reds and yellows. The scattered clearings were stumpy and wild-looking, and as the ponies jogged along the houses became fewer. "Poor folks here," hazarded Al; "wild country; wild-cats and moonshiners in these hills, more'n likely. Well, all is I'd like to strike a house somewhere near campin' time so's to buy milk fer our coffee."

His hopes were rewarded. At sunset when the two old people had sharpened their eyes, as was their custom toward evening, in search of a suitable place in which to spend the night they came upon a square weather-grayed house standing upon a ridge silhouetted between dark tree trunks against a fluff of salmon-gold sunset clouds. A red cow was clanking a resonantly musical bell in a clearing beyond the house, and Al pointed her out gleefully as the probable source of their milk supply.

When he had made the fire and had fed and watered the team he took a tin bucket from the wagon and went to the gray house for the milk. But when he came back twenty minutes later the foaming liquid was slopping unheeded over the edge of the bucket, and there was a troubled pucker on his genial old face. "There's a girl up there, Sary," he said abruptly, "one o' those red-haired, shining kind of little girls. Seems like it's my luck, this runnin' onto damsels in distress, but she's jist such a lookin' one as our own oldest, Sary, only she's too sober and lonesome like. I didn't see nobody about except her and a surly-lookin' man choppin' wood who I took to be her father. I wish ye'd go and cheer her up, Sary. Maybe she's longin' fer women-folks to talk to."

The little old wife's gentle interest roused at once. "Poor thing," she said, "livin' in this wilderness with nobody fer company. I'll go up to buy half a dozen eggs, Al—they'll be good fer breakfast,—and chat with her a little."

Sary found the girl, a slim blue-calicoed figure with wistful lips and hair the color of the russet maples at the door. She was bending over the table, absorbed in some task, when the old lady came, and as the young eyes



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD RICHES

"Had ye thought," he inquired casually of the girl, "of decoratin'?"

## FOUR CAMP FIRES TO BETHEL *By Gertrude West*

glanced up to meet the old ones a tear splashed into the plate of snowy frosting that the girl was holding in her hand. Sary's face must have been eloquent, for, although she said no word, the girl suddenly put down the dish and, covering her own face, gave a hysterical little sound that was half laugh and half sob. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I'm crazy to be crying today of all days, but I've just been making my own wedding cake!"

Sary gazed back at the speaker in mild astonishment. "Your own weddin' cake, child?" she repeated. "Why—ain't ye happy about bein' married?"

The girl withdrew her hands with a quick gesture. "Happy about being married? Oh, yes; it isn't that. It's—oh, just making my own wedding cake! Can't you see? There's no one to do it for me, and Bob—that's the man I'm to marry—his folks are so—particular."

Sary stepped across the threshold, and her eyes softened to deep gentleness. "Why, yes," she said, "of course I see. You just put up these cake things now; it's gettin' late; and in the morning—When is the wedding to be?"

"Tomorrow evening at eight. There's to be supper afterwards. And Bob's people will come and also what few of mine are near enough, but somehow no one could get here

before tomorrow evening. There is an old lady who lives two miles away and who helps folks with extra work sometimes. She was to have helped me tomorrow, but her daughter took sick, so she can't leave. I'll just have to manage alone."

Sary took a brisk step toward the table. "Bride's cake," she said, regarding the white loaf with practiced eye, "and a good one too. But never mind; it can be covered with chocolate,—you'll need extra cake of course, with so much company coming,—and tomorrow I'll come up and make the wedding cake myself. It won't be the first time. I've daughters of my own, and folks call me a good cook if I do say it as shouldn't."

"Oh, would you?" cried the girl fervently; and then, "But you're a stranger; I've no right to impose on you and take your time."

"Tut, tut," the little woman interrupted her. "Why, nobody that's human is stranger to a girl on her weddin' day. Don't you worry 'bout that part of it. Just have the fire agoin' in the morning. I'll be up bright and early."

Sary was true to her word. The first lazy gray film of smoke was just lifting from the chimney of the old house when the little woman, hooded and shawled against the morning crispness, made her appearance. "We've got to flax round," she announced,



laying aside her wraps and smoothing her crinkly silver-gray hair in a bustling, anticipatory manner. "I'll whip up the wedding cake first thing and get it off our hands; then we'll have our minds free for the rest of the supper, child. There!" she cried with a gay little laugh. "I don't even know your name!"

"Alice," replied the girl, "Alice Wilds—today," and laughed a joyous lilt. She was a wonderfully different creature from the wistful girl whom Sary had found the day before.

Following the little old woman's lead, she fell into the plans for the day's work; her eyes were bright and her cheeks were glowing.

"We're to have a turkey," she said to Sary. "I've raised and fattened a big young gobbler especially for today, and, oh, can you make dressing? The spicy, sagy kind that melts in your mouth? I don't know how."

"Can I make dressing?" said Sary and laughed softly with a gleam in her black eyes. "Well, wait and see!"

The bright September morning went by as if on wings. At noon the man—not surly, Sary noticed with a close look, but sombre—came in and ate a pick-up dinner from the kitchen table. His eyes followed the slim bright figure of his daughter wistfully, and once when she left the room he turned to the old lady hovering about the stove. "I can't tell you how much obliged I am to you," he said hesitatingly. "I've done the best I could by the little girl, but I couldn't take a woman's place, especially today I couldn't, fer any way you get round it I ain't no kind of a cook. The way things are 'twould have been fer the best if they'd gone quiet like to the preacher's and had the knot tied there, but Bob Merryhew,—that's the man my gal's to marry,—his folks are well-to-do, maybe a cut or two above the rest of us here, and Alice, she 'lowed she ought to have as big a weddin' as any of the Merryhew gals. Folks go a good deal on big weddin's here in the hills."

"I know," said Sary understandingly. "Well, I am glad to help along. And I think I'm free to say, Mr. Wilds, that no Merryhew or anybody else round here can roast a crisper turkey than me or stir up a better batch of huckleberry pie."

Al came up after dinner and paused in the kitchen doorway to see how



things were progressing. He had been prowling through the hills all the morning and was laden with the most golden hickory branches in all the wood, the most scarlet boughs of maple and the deepest crimson leaves from the oaks. "Had ye thought," he inquired casually of the girl, "of decoratin'?" Seems to me at weddin's folks generally always decorate."

The girl clapped her hands. "Oh, would you?" she cried gleefully. "At Janie Merryhew's wedding they had the house all strung with pink crêpe-paper chains and roses, but that was in June. There aren't any roses now, and I didn't have any crêpe paper, so I never thought of decorating. But leaves—I think that's splendid! Would you put them up for me?"

Would he? Al chuckled with delight. "I wouldn't want no better fun," he assured the girl. "You and Sary just go on about your business now and stay out o' the front room. I'll bet when I get through ye won't know it fer the same place."

All the afternoon, cheered by the odor of roasting turkey, which drifted all over the house, the little old man sang away blithely about the gold of the Sacramento while in one corner of the room his busy fingers wove an arch of golden hickory leaves. Behind the arch he lined the corner as a background and canopied it with the brilliant russet, red and scarlet of maple; then he wove chains, to take the place of the crêpe paper—long graceful strands of crimson oak leaves to festoon the bare old room.

Sary, basting and stirring away in the kitchen, peeped once and went back, smiling tenderly, to her work. It had been fifty years since the wedding that was one of her own dearest memories, but Al was her gay young bridegroom still.

The day waned; Sary inspected and praised the cheap white bridal dress that the girl's own hands had made. Al swept up the litter left from his work and with a flourish threw open the door of the sitting room just as a wagonload of the bride's relatives drove into the clearing.

When the girl went to meet the arrivals the old couple scuttled out the back door, bent upon taking an unobtrusive way to their camp, but the sombre-eyed man met them at the dooryard and stopped them. "No, you don't," he said decisively. "You're goin' to stay for the weddin'. The idea of your slippin' off like this 'fore the performance!"

"But we ought to be pullin' on," protested Al. "We're behind time now. Winter'll be on us 'fore we get pitched at Bethel."

"Don't make no difference," replied their host; "you could stop to help out, now ye've got to stay fer the fun. Ye don't set foot off this place without helpin' eat that turkey and weddin' cake. So make up yer minds to it."

"Well," concluded Al, "you make it sound tempting. I guess another night won't cut no great figger."

"And I should like to see the groom," said Sary, "after I've helped to cook his weddin' supper!"

So the old couple stayed for the wedding and did not count the time lost. The bride's people were a simple friendly clan, and those of the bridegroom, though they were rather conscious of their prosperity, a little condescending perhaps, were gracious also.

"They want folks to know they're used to things," whispered Al gleefully to Sary when the chance offered. "Did ye see their eyes bug out when they saw the decorations?"

"And they ain't used to no better cookin' than the supper'll be," Sary whispered in reply. "I'm glad we stopped, Al."

The old couple could find no fault with the conduct of the bridegroom, however. He was a tall, good-natured boy with an open, honest face that promised well for the girl's future happiness, and his appreciation of his bride was always evident. Manifestly there was no room in his mind for comparisons between his station and hers.

"Uncle Al and Aunt Sary," Alice presented the old couple, and the relatives accepted their presence without question. And if Al chuckled to himself with satisfaction during the simple, pretty wedding in the leaf-bright room that he had prepared, it was at the huge, hill-country wedding feast that Sary had her reward. The critical members tasted and tasted again and then turned with new respect toward the glowing little bride.

"She's a fine little cook," a portly farmer on Sary's left said to his portly wife.

The portly wife nodded. "Alice has done wonderfully well, 'pears to me, for the chance

she's had," she replied. "I must say, Bob ain't made such a bad choice, after all."

Sary smiled all over her wrinkled, brown face. "Let 'em think just that," she said to herself. "The child is a good little cook and smart as a whip. To be sure, she mightn't have got quite the flavor into the turkey that I did, but in a few years she can do even that. A little mite more practice is all she lacks, and if the way to the hearts of her husband's relations is through their stomachs I'm right glad I helped her to find it. They haven't no right to look down on her. She's smart as they are even if her pa ain't so well-to-do. I hope this'll teach 'em a lesson."

It was under cover of a noisy hill-country charivari that the old couple slipped away to the quiet of their white-hooded wagon and to their much-needed rest.

Sary, remembering the warm kiss of the little bride and her heartfelt thanks and pledges of eternal friendship, was smiling softly to herself, but Al went chuckling all

the way. "I guess we showed those Merryhews," he crowed. "I guess we larnt 'em a thing or two. Say now, Sary, when we set out fer Bethel, did ye ever dream we'd 'tend a weddin' on the road?"

Jowler and Big Enough roused from their slumbers under the wagon to thump welcoming tails as Al whistled them a greeting, and the ponies, stirring drowsily at their tethers, nickered at the sound of familiar voices.

The old couple climbed nimbly up over the wheels to the grateful warmth of the canvas wagon top. Al poked a small package under his pillow. "I aim to sleep on this here weddin' cake," he said and chuckled; "they say it's good luck. And here's the wishtbone o' the turkey; I kep' that too fer a souvenir."

The cold moon made a frosty picture of the little glade; a flying squirrel stirred and leaped from an overhanging tree.

"We've got to rise early," said Al from the edge of slumberland. "Tain't only one more camp fire from here to Bethel, Sary."

## A MILE-AND MORE

By Leslie W. Quirk

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON



Annoyed at the interruption, Bob stopped

any skill or speed beyond the ordinary. Bob Edmunds smiled. "Now for the mile," he said to himself.

There were no competitors; he was to run against time. As he made his way to the starting point, an apologetic voice called: "One minute, Edmunds."

It was Professor Manly. Annoyed at the interruption, Bob stopped. "Yes, sir?"

"I am sorry to bother you at this time," said the professor, coming close to his side.

"It happens, however, that I have barely time to make a train. I shall be away from Laurel over the week-end, and I wished to speak to you about the science medal essays."

"Mine is already turned in, sir."

"I know. But as you are aware Griffith has been ill. His essay is not done. Mind you, he has not asked for further time, but I wondered if you might not be willing to grant an extension of perhaps two weeks?"

"Why, I—I don't know," said Edmunds. The science medal offered by the biology department meant much to him. He had set his heart on winning it, and he had worked faithfully in preparing his essay. Although he wanted to be perfectly fair, he couldn't quite see the justice of allowing Griffith extra time. The closing date had been definitely understood.

"You need not decide now," continued Professor Manly. "Take as much time as you like. When you do decide, however, be good enough to write to Dr. Benton; he will understand. Meanwhile I want you to realize that you are privileged to hold Griffith to the original date for completing his essay. Good day, Edmunds."

Before Bob completed his trial mile he knew that he was running superbly. He ran as he sometimes ran in his dreams—swiftly, easily and in perfect form. At the finish he was only mildly exhausted. Some one mentioned the time, and even Ferguson, the coach, whistled softly. "Nice work, Edmunds!" he said.

Then Bob knew. The words were as good as a promise. He had won the right to represent Laurel in the great Weslex meet! He was

glad there had been no question about his right to compete at Weslex, although of course there couldn't have been without favoritism.

After supper that night Bob sat down at his study table, resolved to leave no detail of his scholastic work unfinished on his departure for Weslex the following day. For two full hours he amplified his lecture notes and studied his lessons for the morrow. At last, yawning, he pushed back his chair. "My biology—" He halted the thought in the middle. "H'm!" he said. "I must write to Dr. Benton about the science medal."

He had trouble composing the letter. Several times he began it, and as many times he tore up what he had written. In the end his final draft sounded curt, but he could think of no way to improve the wording. He told Dr. Benton that he was addressing him at the suggestion of Professor Manly and that he felt, in justice to himself, he could not agree to any extension of the time for turning in the essays. He thought of signing it "Yours in all fairness," but that ending sounded a little affected; so he compromised on a meaningless "Yours truly." Dr. Benton would understand that he was demanding no more than his rights.

The next day seemed years long, but it passed somehow, and train time came. Ferguson went to the station with him. "It's too bad you must go alone," said the coach. "Still, you won't need to worry about how you're going to be treated after you get there. Weslex is a college where sportsmanship means everything. Those fellows will take care of you."

Bob was hopeful, but no one met him at the station, and, going to a hotel, he engaged a room for the night. He felt strangely lonesome and depressed. While the clerk was getting his key Bob discovered that he had forgotten to mail the letter to Dr. Benton. He took it out of his pocket, turned it over once or twice and finally dropped it into the mail box in the office. He was glad that matter was decided.

The room, which was at the front of the hotel, was noisy; trolley cars rattled and jangled past under his window. In the parlor down the hall he could hear a piano drumming. Next door two men were arguing loudly and incessantly. It wasn't at all the kind of room for a fellow who needed rest to prepare for a race. Just as he was ready to go down to supper some one knocked at his door.

"You're Edmunds, from Laurel College, aren't you?" the brisk youth whom Bob admitted said to him in greeting. "I'm Clarke, the Weslex miler. I went to the station to meet you but missed you in the crowd." He listened a moment to the discordant sounds all about. "Heigh-ho! This room won't do. I'll make the clerk change it for a quiet one at the back. Ready to eat? I'll take you round to our training table of course."

The experience was new to Bob Edmunds. He couldn't quite understand fellows who went out of their way to be nice to an opponent, and at first he was suspicious of Clarke's intentions. But when with Clarke's help he had changed his room and had met a host of Weslex boys at the training table he began to understand better what Ferguson had meant when he said that Weslex stood for sportsmanship.

Bob liked the attitude, but at the same time he resolved not to put himself too much in debt, because he confidently expected to beat Clarke in the mile.

But as matters turned out Bob needed further aid. The next afternoon when he slipped into the dressing room under the grand stand he could not find his running shoes. With a scowl that must have suggested the nasty doubt in his mind he carried the trouble to a Weslex fellow, not Clarke this time.

"Lost, are they?" said the Weslex boy, laughing. "Well, I'm not surprised. Everything seems to be at odds and ends. There are too many competitors to keep track of all their equipment. You just sit right here for a few minutes, and I'll bring you another pair."

He was as good as his word. Better! For he came back presently with an armful of running shoes, which he dumped at Bob's feet. "Try these," he said. "I brought a dozen pairs because I wanted to make sure of a perfect fit. If you don't find exactly what you want in the pile, I'll get more."

With a vague word of perfunctory thanks Bob began trying them on. He couldn't understand why the Weslex fellow was so ready to help. It wasn't really his business at all; it wasn't his duty. Didn't they realize here at



Weslex that their miler's most dangerous opponent was the boy whom everybody seemed so eager to please?

After Bob had found a satisfactory pair of running shoes he wandered outside to watch the various contests on track and field. He asked some one which team was leading.

"Weslex is three points ahead," the boy replied, "but Union counts on a first in the high hurdles. That will put her two points to the good. It looks now as if the result of the mile would decide the meet."

Bob wet his lips. "You mean Weslex will have to score in the mile to win the meet?"

"Exactly! Provided of course Union wins the high hurdles."

"Oh!" said Bob. "Oh! I see."

A little while later Clarke slapped him on the shoulder. "I warned Trainer Murphy that you'd want your leg muscles loosened up a bit before our race," he said. "When you're ready he will be glad to rub them. The mile is the last event." He paused to listen to the announcement of the result in the high hurdles. "Five more for Union," he said wryly. "That seems to put it squarely up to me."

"Oh!" murmured Bob vaguely. He could think of nothing else to say. He couldn't very well wish Clarke luck in the race; he wanted to win himself. And yet, curiously enough, he began to wonder whether he should feel particularly sorry if some accident permitted Clarke to finish in front of him. Unconsciously he had become a stanch friend of Weslex. If it were not for his own ambition—

After a time he found himself on the cinder track with eleven other runners, all waiting for the race to begin. The starter was reading the names and positions from a paper. Without stopping to think much about it at all, Bob expected Weslex to draw No. 1 at the rail; naturally Clarke would want his opponents on the outside.

"No. 1," read the starter, "Kling, Union; No. 2, Edmunds, Laurel; No. 3, Sanders, Hull"—and so on to the last and worst position of any: "No. 12, Clarke, Weslex."

Bob nodded his appreciation of such a display of fairness. "They play the game here at Weslex," he said to himself. "I wish Clarke would win—almost!"

The starter had the runners take their places; then he explained just how he would give his commands. To Bob it seemed a useless procedure, and he wondered whether the starter realized the nervous tension that the long wait caused. Still of course some of the fellows might be competing for the first time; to them it was no more than just to explain the start.

Prepared as Bob had been for the crack of the pistol the abruptness of it following the moment of absolute stillness threw him into a panic. Though he got off with the pack it was his long training rather than any conscious exercise of skill that shot him forward and made his spikes bite into the crisp cinders.

The start of course was a mad scramble for position. Kling, the Union runner, led the first flight with Bob close behind and Clarke, despite his outside number, at Bob's elbow. Behind them trailed three or four others. Still farther in the rear was a second group.

For the first lap—the track was a quarter-mile oval—the race was a sprint, as it usually is in the mile run. During half the distance to the middle of the back stretch Bob was content to allow Kling to set the pace. There when a quick side glance revealed Clarke forging ahead of him till he was first even with Kling and then leading him and swinging in toward the rail Bob fought his first battle. He knew in his heart that he could run a little faster; he knew that he could swerve out into the track and race on equal terms with Kling, perhaps pass him just as Clarke had done. But for a moment something seemed to be holding him back.

His spurt was extraordinary. Quite as if he were some one else he was astonished to find himself suddenly swinging wide and pounding even with Kling. Each thud of his right foot on the track came with the accent of a refrain that was running in his mind. "Play—the—game—Bob!" it seemed to be singing over and over again. "Play—the—game—Bob!" But he did not pass Kling. The Union

runner answered to the second challenge like a thoroughbred. Side by side like a team of horses the two swept forward.

The end came abruptly as if the whole world had collapsed. One instant Bob was sprinting like the wind with a clear track before him; the next he was falling headlong and sharp cinders were scratching his face. But even as he fell he knew what had happened. Kling had stumbled and pitched to the right across Bob's legs; probably the Union man's ankle had turned on some clod of cinders. Bob himself of course had fallen heavily. And now while Clarke drew ahead into a long lead, while four secondary runners flitted past like shadows, the two contestants whom Weslex had feared most lay on the track. Weslex would win the mile and the meet—which was just as it should be.

Bob clambered to his feet. The world was spinning dizzily before his eyes. Behind him he heard the crunch, crunch of other runners rapidly approaching. On the track there lay Kling, a motionless curl of legs and arms. Bob fought back a wild impulse to drop by his side.

"You quitter!" he accused himself, starting forward with his right foot. "You quitter!" he repeated to himself as his left leg responded. "You aren't hurt one bit! Now run!" And in a moment he was running almost in his old stride.

By that time the second group of racers were all round him. Before he was at his best again they were past him. He increased his speed and marveled that he could still sprint. He had no hope of winning the mile; but he resolved to finish—and not last either! Two or three of those fellows ahead he could beat.

At the finish of the first quarter mile in front of the grand stand he was still last. But

crowd always cheered for the under dog. But most of it of course was for Clarke somewhere out in front, for the grand stand was packed with Weslex adherents.

Before Bob had finished the second lap he had begun to feel the



penalty of his long sprint; his lungs ached; his heart pounded, and his leg muscles pained him. He was tired, as tired as he usually was at the end of a race. Caution warned him to slow for a breathing spell, for he wanted to finish, no matter in what position.

As he swung round the curve into the back stretch on the third lap he raised his eyes to see what lay ahead. Almost without knowing it, he had forged to the front of the second group; in front of him stretched yards and yards of bare track with some distant runners just in sight like ships about to dip below the horizon.

He could not see them distinctly; his eyes were smarting, and the perspiration from his hair and from his forehead almost blinded him. But his mind was still clear; he realized that the other runners could not be so far away as they seemed. They were still on the back stretch.

In his mind he began to talk to his legs. "Come on," he would order. "Lift—reach—hit—push."

Then to the other: "Come on—lift—reach—hit—push."

Near the end of the third quarter he jerked up his chin for another look. What he saw amazed him. In front of him, not more than eight or ten yards, was a spent runner, swaying drunkenly. And ahead of that runner,

of the mile, but the sight of the runners so close pumped new energy into his tired legs. "Faster!" He almost spoke the words aloud. "Faster! Our last race this year. Faster! And then we'll rest a long, long time."

His legs drove like flying pistons faster and faster. The track swept under him like a river. The standards of the high jump swished past; a scarlet sash on some fellow at the side of the track fluttered in the swirling breeze the runner was causing; the grand stand seemed to roar by as an express train roars by a station at which it does not stop.

Ahead of him loomed a shadow, an obstruction on the track. He swerved toward the outer rim of the cinder path and passed it. Some instinct rather than eyesight told him that it was a runner. He dashed by another and still another and finally by a fourth. Now he had rounded the curve at the end of the oval track and was again in the back stretch.

A rumble came across the track from the grand stand. The Weslex crowd were cheering Clarke somewhere on ahead. Bob wanted to quit. He felt that he could not run another fifty yards.

The track seemed to be rolling under him. His ankles were turning and jerking. His legs, willing enough but utterly spent, were bending and twisting. He was afraid they would collapse. Yes, he was done!

The cheering became louder. It was a continuous roar, but scattered through it were words. He tried to pick them out. But what words were they? He listened more acutely, and then all at once he knew.

The Weslex people were cheering him! He could catch the names "Laurel" and "Edmunds." And they had been cheering him ever since his fall, which had marked the beginning of his forlorn chase. Now with only one runner ahead of him—and that one Clarke of Weslex—they were still urging him on, still applauding his sensational race! Oh, that was sportsmanship!

His pace quickened. It was as if he had found his second wind, his second store of vitality, as if he had rested somewhere for a time. Refreshed, he was back stronger and faster than before.

The last hundred yards were like an eternity. Without knowing how it happened Bob was out in the middle of the track—gaining, gaining, always gaining. Clarke was on the inside close to the rail and a little ahead—no, even with him! Bob could hardly believe his own eyes. They must be seeing what he willed them to see!

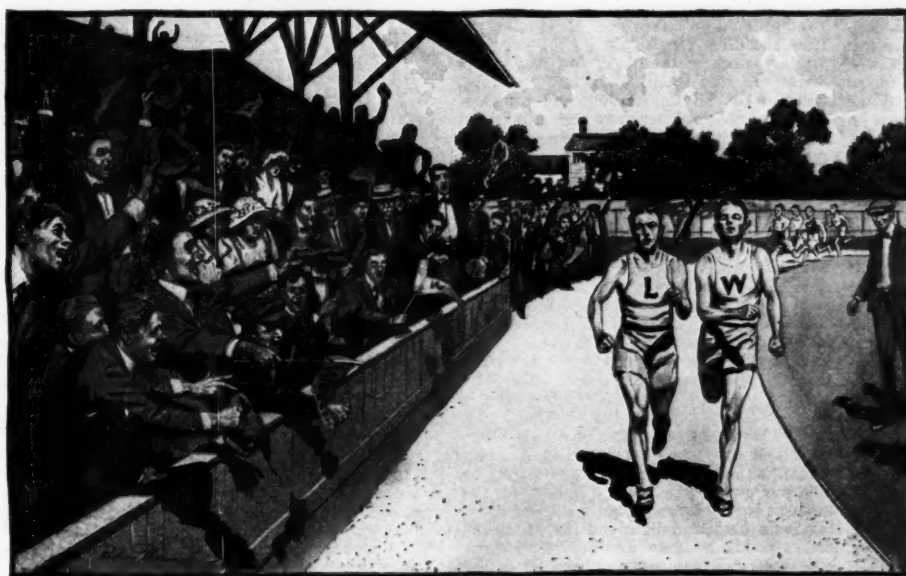
But he had no time for thought. With head whirling, arms flying and legs pounding he fought his way over the cinders. There must be a tape somewhere ahead—somewhere—somewhere. And then quite without warning a little strand of worsted grew taut across his chest, hung fast a moment and then snapped. He had won the race!

From all sides fellows rushed to his support. He flung weary arms as heavy as lead over stalwart shoulders and staggered toward a tempting plot of grass on the right. The crowd in the grand stand seemed to have gone absolutely mad—the Weslex crowd whose champion he had defeated! He couldn't understand it at all.

Hours later, as it seemed to Bob, Clarke came up and congratulated him on winning. "You beat me," he said, smiling as cheerfully as if he himself had been the winner, "and they tell me you did it with the most sensational running ever seen on this track. No wonder you set the stands in an uproar! Why, if I had known how you made up that lost ground I think I should have cheered as you passed me. It was wonderful, Edmunds!"

"I—I'm sorry my victory in the mile made Weslex lose the meet," Bob said apologetically. "Everyone here has been so fair,—no, more than just fair,—so—so sportsmanlike that I honestly wanted you to win the race. Once or twice I had to fight myself to keep on trying to beat you."

Clarke laughed boyishly. "Let me tell you something," he said lightly, "two somethings, in fact. First, you will be interested to know that Weslex won the meet. You see, I scored three points by trailing you in, and Kling, who was expected to score, failed to finish at all. Second, we haven't any monopoly on



There must be a tape somewhere ahead—somewhere—somewhere

he was going better now, and he was gaining. He determined to keep on sprinting while the others slowed into the grinding jog that marks the middle part of the mile run. Behind him he could hear the spectators in the grand stand roaring encouragement. Some of the applause might be for him, he guessed; a

just a little way ahead, was a second. There were five altogether. Bob counted four at first and then six; but he steadied his mind finally and made the count accurately. Yes, there were only five.

Bob knew that you aren't supposed to start your final sprint until the last quarter



sportsmanship here at Weslex; you practice it, Edmunds, just as much as we do. Since I had to be beaten, I certainly am mighty glad that it was by a fellow like you!"

At that Bob turned quickly to Clarke. "I wonder if I can send a telegram from here?" "Scribble it off," replied Clarke, "and I'll see that it goes on the press wire."

The message was to Dr. Benton of Laurel College. It read as follows:

Ignore letter. Tell Griffith he may have as much time as he wants on science medal essay.

"Thank you," Bob Edmunds said to Clarke quite as if they were still talking about the race. "Anyhow I think that I am beginning now to understand sportsmanship."

# THROUGH THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF BRITISH GUIANA *By Philip W.K. Sweet*

**T**HOUGH many people insist that British Guiana is in Africa, it is as a matter of fact on the north coast of South America. The ignorance concerning the whereabouts and the immense resources of the colony is astonishing, for usually the American newspapers are glad enough to "feature" diamond rushes and gold booms. Gold has been produced in the colony since the eighties, during which time many companies have been floated in New York and have most decidedly flourished in British Guiana. However, the gold prospectors, or "pork-knockers," have washed their few pennyweights a day, oblivious of the crashing of great corporations.

About the beginning of the present century certain "knockers" noticed bright little crystals in their sluices, and the more careful among them carried specimens to town, where some of them must have reached honest hands, for shortly afterwards, in 1901, the news went abroad that diamonds had

His favorite forms of exuberance are to hire motor cars and to wear gold teeth.

Every week the number of stones that have come down from the interior is printed in the newspaper. "Thousands of carats a week are coming from the Mazaruni; why shouldn't I share in the profits?" each man asks himself. The answer usually is, "No reason at all. Go ahead!"

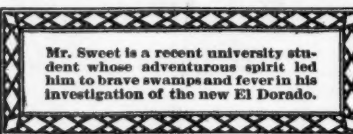
Once a man has decided to go ahead, he fortifies himself with the stories that I have referred to and then begins quoting certain maxims that you hear on the lips of every prospector. For example: "One stone will clear all expenses," "Diamond, he need tracing, but you must get," and "The poorer and uglier a man is the more likely he is to find a rich pay." When a man has been up in the bush eight months without seeing a stone he comforts himself with a different maxim: "Must take blows to get big pay."

The ordinary prospector works his way up to the fields in a river boat, but we intended to go up in the grand American manner. We bought a boat with an engine, three months' supplies and tools for diamond working; besides we hired sixteen men, a captain and a bowman. Our expenses outstripped our most generous estimates, yet all we talked of was how to spend the money we should gain. Millionaires were to be cheap folk compared with us.

All boats leaving for the interior must first pass government inspection at the village of Bartica, where the Mazaruni, the Cuyuni and the Essequibo rivers meet. The British government has a set of laws that cover even the details of a prospecting expedition; they regulate everything from the size of the boat to the amount of sugar that each workman shall receive a day. And most astonishing to an American is the way the men comply with the mining regulations even when a police officer may not be within a hundred miles of them. The full flood of our optimism was somewhat checked at Bartica when we learned that we must wait five days for a captain and a bowman. But the wait served to acquaint us with the place.

Bartica, which was built to hold only a few hundred souls, was a boom town that had not boomed. Conditions were frightful. Imagine a lazy tropical village straggling along one main road that leads above the swampy land on either side. Mosquitoes rise from the dirty canals that do the primitive sanitary work of the place, and flies swarm about the rum shops. Pour into the town hundreds of blacks, starving and penniless, going up into the interior to seek a mythical fortune, and then pour into it more hundreds returning from the diamond fields, some ruined, some sick and dying, some with thousands of dollars picked up perhaps in a few days. Pack the village so that men lie sleeping in the roads at night. Let go floods of rum for the prodigal fortunates, and you have Bartica during the rush—a dramatic sight under the tropic moon, a depressing sight under the tropic sun.

On a scorching Tuesday, July 25, we loaded our rice, pork, fish, flour and tools and started, glad indeed of a change. The trip up the river took sixteen days, an average progress of perhaps eight miles a day, a journey more difficult than dangerous. We had to drag our boat over seven large falls and to pull it up miles of rapids where at times we were delighted merely to hold our own. For example, the boat for the moment is in still water, but specks of drifting foam bespeak falls round the bend. The blacks paddle leisurely. Suddenly the current quickens, and the surface becomes pitted



Mr. Sweet is a recent university student whose adventurous spirit led him to brave swamps and fever in his investigation of the new El Dorado.

with whirlpools. The captain yells: "Pull hard—boat dropping astern!" and the blades dip deep. But in spite of sweating backs the boat drives backward toward the bank. Immediately the men grasp the overhanging branches of the crowding bushes and haul it along hand over hand. Meanwhile the current increases, and the falls loom ahead where the waters foam round the jutting rocks.

"Haul away your warp!" cries the captain, and all hands including ourselves jump overboard, a little doubtful about alligators. Some seize the bowline; some seize the stern. We coax the unwieldy super-whaleboat up the falls, round rocks and over shallows. It takes hours, but when we reach the next still water we feel as if we have done the impossible. We would have to repeat that manœuvre usually twice a day, and also twice a day there was a violent thundershower. The storms together with the powerful river fill poor human beings with something like despair.

The last thirty miles of the journey lay in still water—luckily enough, for now fever and biliousness had attacked us. I remembered an evening early in August when our boat was creeping between the banks of a jungle. Four sick negroes, the only ones still able to paddle, tried to sing one of the gay river songs, but the words gave way before the moans of the other men who were lying huddled round me. It was a pest ship indeed. But that was only river sickness and, so we learned later, was to be expected.

The prospecting up the Mazaruni is the rudest imaginable. The diamonds occur as one of the rare heavy minerals in the bottom of quartz gravel beds; the gravel appears to have washed down from the near-by mountains and is covered with a mantle of whitish clay. Other heavy minerals such as wood tin and tourmaline serve as indications that diamonds may be present; otherwise finding the stones is a matter of chance. Seemingly the best prospecting is that which turns up

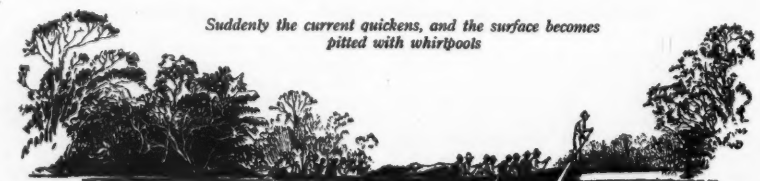


Promptly we go down to the mora tree and dig

the most gravel. Whereas an experienced man will prospect a creek by digging pits from one end to the other, most of the seekers, being new to the work, try short cuts to success. They follow their "mind." "I've a mind on this place. He looks like he'd give good diamond!"

After digging the place up and finding nothing the seeker consoles himself with the maxim: "If he dere he dere; if he not dere he not dere. God hide um, how can I find um?"

After two weeks of fruitless hunting we were ourselves guilty of prospecting according to our dreams. Every morning the men would come to our hut and report their dreams: "Tall white man, he come to me and take me to big mora tree by third creek. He tell me I mus' gettum foot of mora tree. Coarse stone, three carat, four carat—"



Suddenly the current quickens, and the surface becomes pitted with whirlpools

Promptly we would go down to the mora tree and dig. It is a pity that coincidence could not have given us a melodramatic find.

Once a pit is dug that gives up tin or tourmaline, they are "traced"—a process that includes digging networks of pits and cross-cuts. All pay gravel taken out is washed in a sieve with a whirling motion that concentrates the heaviest material in the centre on the bottom. When the sieve is finally dumped the tourmalines and diamonds are found in a small heap in the middle. The most elating experience I know of is to dump sieves that may give from one to fifteen

Every bit of our provisions and all of our tools had to be dragged across the morasses



stones at a time. The most utterly discouraging thing is to watch a sieve for a day without seeing a diamond.

After spending a month in the Eping and Kurupung creeks we heard rumors of a new region farther up the river—a place well guarded by nature. For half a day we had to plow up to our knees and thighs through swamps broken by steep hills. Every bit of our provisions and all of our tools had to be dragged across the morasses. Why our men did not quit then and there I do not know. In the unexplored territory we built our camps and began systematically to prospect. But the fates "had it in for us." Instead of raining all the time it did not rain at all, and mining operations had to slow up as the creeks dried. First the bathing water and then the drinking water grew stagnant and scarce. Moreover, our provisions had undergone that slow deterioration which is the common lot of everything in the tropics. The flour turned a mouldy blue; there were maggots in the fish; and queer bugs appeared in the most unappetizing way. To cap all we lost some of the stones that we had managed to win from the reluctant earth. Necessity pointed down the river, and we started.

The trip took sixteen days, the same time that the trip up had taken. It was shoot the rapids and trust to luck all the way. The proceeding is supposedly dangerous, and indeed several lives have been lost in the falls, but it is easy and quick compared with working your way up. On the trip down a man died of bilious fever. The death occurred at dawn, and there the poor "pork-knocker" lay in the bottom of the boat just as he had died. The rough funeral barge drifted down to a sand bar, where we buried him in a grave that we dug with our paddles. Sudden wealth, sudden death, dreary wastes of disappointment—all are mere incidents in the "diamond life."

Books and articles on the South American jungles dwell on the danger from Indians and wild animals. On the Mazaruni the Indians are peace loving to the point of being timid. Cases are known, however, of an Indian's becoming enraged at an insult and declaring against his foe a *kanaima*, or vow to kill. One method of fulfilling the *kanaima* is to blow fine prickles into the nose and throat of the sleeping victim. In time the prickles lodge in the intestines, and the result is acute inflammation and death.

The animals are like the natives in being willing to "live and let live." We saw alligators, wild hogs, baboons and tapirs, all of which were panic-stricken at sight of us—all, that is, except the alligators, which were monsters of indifference. In the Kurupung we saw an uncomfortably large number of fresh jaguar tracks from time to time, but we never saw a jaguar. One day, however, as I was returning alone from the placers I jumped back as if shot on seeing what I had supposed was a long black root lying across my path suddenly move. I had nearly stepped on a seven-foot labarri, a snake so venomous that its bite kills in fifteen minutes. Altogether our party saw six deadly snakes. A high number for explorers, I believe. The

We loaded our rice, pork, fish, flour and tools and started



DRAWINGS BY W. P. DODGE

been discovered on the upper Mazaruni River. Up to the year 1919 the fact continued virtually unknown outside the colony—a strange circumstance, for, though the stones were small, they were plentiful and of fine quality. A well-known manual of mineralogy, published in 1915, mentions diamonds as having been found in the glacial drift of Wisconsin and Ohio, but oddly enough says not a word about the extensive deposits of British Guiana.

Just after the war the price of a carat stone rose to more than one hundred dollars, and also at that time new areas that yielded larger stones were found on the south bank of the Mazaruni. The discovery started a movement of men to the fields that of course greatly increased the production. The business depression of 1920 closed the sugar estates, and, although diamonds likewise dropped to low levels, more men were forced to seek their fortunes in the interior. By the summer of 1922 stones had again risen in price, and, as unemployment was general, the movement to the diamond fields grew into a rush, into which men were pushed by necessity as much as by the hope of gain.

There are few places in the world where men have to fight harder or endure more hardships than up those jungle rivers; and, as my partner and I made a three months' prospecting trip to the interior and as—so it seems to me—we endured our share of the hardships, I will present our experiences as a typical example of the methods and manners of the "diamond life."

A diamond expedition begins in Georgetown—a fortunate circumstance, for there the tide of optimism is at its height. The talk of the town is diamonds. "Tom starved in the bush for a year and then found a fifteen-carat stone!" "Dick cleared his expenses in two hours and now rides about in an automobile!" (To own an automobile is a black man's fondest ambition.) "Harry opened his jiggling sieve after a morning's work to find the bottom shining like glass, and he left for town the next day to the tune of twenty-five thousand dollars!" So the stories go. I have heard a dozen of those tales of sudden wealth repeated over and over again, and they never fail to suffuse the soul with a warm glow of hope. The stories are true at least in part, for many blacks have returned from the interior with thousands—to waste in reckless spending. Of course the "diamond man" is never lacking in friends and in opportunities to be generous.



worst pest in the bush is the *bête rouge*. It is so small that you can hardly see it, yet once on your skin, it causes an itching almost unbearable. It is a special bane to the white man, whose tender skin it loves, and there have been times when I was more red than white because of the little fellow.

The real dangers of the bush are fevers from the swamps and biliousness and dysentery from bad food and water. The number of white men in the interior at a time can usually be counted on the fingers of one hand, and, although the black men swarm into the jungle, it is not healthful even for them.

Many of the blacks who enter the "diamond life" are of the lowest class and have strange manners and beliefs. They speak a mixture of English, Dutch, French, Indian and Congo, which is called Taki-Taki, and furthermore leave out so many words and spit out the others with such rapidity that they are absolutely unintelligible. When drunk, their speech quickens and becomes louder, and horrible threats are hurled back and forth. Two blacks will get into an argument whether they paid three dollars or four dollars for a handsome suit of clothes; they

will threaten loathsome destruction on each other and then will suddenly resume the even tenor of their ways. I have never seen one black actually touch another. Nominally they are Christians, but many likewise believe in Obeah, a cult brought from India. Obeah promises love, revenge or money to the one who procures appropriate *bena* from an Obeah doctor. Getting *bena* sometimes is responsible for bloodcurdling crimes. Our men were continually making brews of queer herbs and going through fantastic motions to bring diamond *bena* and love *bena*. According to them one way of acquiring money is to carry a live scorpion about your person. We did not take advantage of that method.

Although we returned to Georgetown still far from being millionaires, we knew that the country held millions.

The well-known creeks are past their highest point of production no doubt, but when you consider that diamonds have been reported over nearly half the area of the colony you see in the Kurupung a possible rival to South Africa. Although Kurupung is only a name now, it may soon become as magic a word as Yukon or Kimberley.

## FRIENDS

By Marjorie Hill Allee

TOWARD the end of that first afternoon in the secretarial class at the university Rose McBride no longer believed that the typewriter was a machine that might write unexpected things of its own volition; she felt free to rest the aching spot in her back for a minute and look round the room. Nineteen typewriters clicked uncertainly under the determined efforts of the nineteen girls who were beginning the six months' course; nineteen faces, bent on the chart of the keyboard, paid no attention to Rose's eager blue eyes exploring the long room.

Only one other girl had her hair bobbed like hers. Rose was disappointed. The newspapers had said that all the college girls were having their hair bobbed, and she had coaxed her sister Nora to cut hers for her. She was glad it was done; it was so much easier to wash. Then too she had an uneasy fear that the smell of the stockyards clung to those who lived close by, in their hair and on their clothes. She fluffed her curly black tresses about her thin triangular little face and sniffed the reassuring soapy odor. Then she looked at the back of the girl in front of her; there was not much to see of her except silky brown hair that lay close to her head like a cap and a cheek dashed with fine clear color, but as the girl turned to get a fresh sheet of paper Rose's heart came up into her throat.

It was Miss Ewing! The very Miss Ewing who had taught the dancing class at the settlement for four whole meetings the year before! Rose's ambition to go to the university had come through her. Rose had watched her gracious ways for those four nights and for a year afterwards had planned continually how to bridge with Nora's loyal help the distance between her own world in the stockyards and that of Miss Ewing at the university.

First they had found the secretarial course, which for all it was listed in the university catalogue was just like any other course in stenography, then the morning dishwashing job and the evening work in the candy kitchen, which left time between them for Rose to go down to the university and back.

Rose had never thought of such luck as finding herself in Miss Ewing's class. She watched her as long as she dared, and at the end of the hour she glanced at her hopefully again, but Ernestine Ewing did not once look her way.

Rose pulled her tam-o'-shanter down over her head, slipped into her old coat and pushed her hands down into the sagging pockets. Jolting toward the stockyards in the trolley car, she studied shorthand curves with Miss Ewing's face between her and the notebook; all that evening as she worked in the candy kitchen, wrapping caramels and cutting fudge, she thought about the wonderful encounter with her heroine. When she climbed into bed at eleven o'clock she had half a notion to wake Nora and tell her.

"I guess I was hoping that I should see her," Rose admitted to Nora the next morning, "but I didn't realize it."

"What did she say to you, Rose?" asked Nora with respectful interest.

"She didn't see me."

"Didn't see you!" Nora bristled indignantly.

"Oh, well," Rose said soothingly, "we have to be keeping to our work. You wouldn't think now how hard it is to remember whether 'r' or 't' comes nearer to your finger!"

Rose's fingers were stiff, and her morning dishwashing at the restaurant did not limber them noticeably. At every lull in her work she practiced thumping on the edges of the sink with her forefingers, reciting as much of the keyboard chart as those fingers were supposed to master.

She practiced shorthand pothooks valiantly all the way to class. It was a long ride, and she had enough time for the exercises. She knew already that shorthand was going to be easy for her. Fortunately, she had the kind of mind that enjoys codes and word signs.

She put her whole anxious attention on her work for the shorthand hour and made a creditable two pages to hand in to Miss Bradshaw, her instructor. When the typewriting period came she was tired and, to her dismay, sleepy.

For twenty minutes she labored to make a perfect copy of the exercise set for her, but the letters blurred before her eyes, and her fingers struck the keys haltingly and made an astonishing number of mistakes. At last she resorted to desperate measures.

"Did she speak to you today?" Nora asked Rose after she came home that night.

"Indeed she did," Rose replied. "O Nora, she's sweet!"

For days Rose planned so that she should always have some question to ask Ernestine about the lesson, but she realized before long that the girl had not remembered her.

"And I thought she really liked me!" Rose lamented to herself.

She kept her discovery from jealous Nora, and morning after morning as the sisters hastily dressed she went on with the account of Ernestine's school dresses, her gay audacity with Miss Bradshaw and every word that she addressed to Rose herself.

"I'm so glad you're getting to know her, Rose!" said Nora.

After that, how could Rose tell her that Ernestine was only pleasantly indifferent? "You mind that you learn pretty ways like her," Nora said. "And don't you talk any more about using a lip stick, like the girls in the shop!"

Rose made half-hearted friendly advances to the other girls of the class, but after Ernestine they seemed colorless; besides she was not sure that any of them wanted to know her. Rose's confidence in herself was slipping. She worried mornings while she washed piles of dishes. It might be, she thought, that after she had finished the secretarial course no one would want a girl like her for a stenographer.

She was slow with her typewriting; in three weeks she had not completed the first page of exercises. Miss Bradshaw, brisk and businesslike, was nevertheless soft-hearted; she took special pains to come round every day to stand behind Rose's chair and dictate to her. Rose tried to forget her fatigue and nervousness, but without success; she found herself stiffening in dread whenever Miss Bradshaw so much as looked her way.

The dictation halted one day when Miss Bradshaw looked down to see tears on Rose's brightly flushed cheek. The girl fished her crumpled cotton handkerchief from her sleeve and wiped her face furiously. "If—you would please go away!" she managed to say in desperation. "You make me that nervous! I can tell when you're looking at my back from the other end of the room! The shivers run all over me when I think you're coming."

She was horrified at the speech, but to her astonishment Miss Bradshaw only smiled. "You run along down the hall to the rest room, Miss McBride," she said. "Honesty is good for the soul, but sleep will be even better. Lie down till class is over and then come back."

Rose went obediently; the afternoon drowsiness that she dreaded was weighing down her eyelids; she was asleep almost as soon as she touched the cot, and she waked only when the sound of feet tramping down the stairs announced that the class hour was over.

Miss Bradshaw was sorting papers at her desk; Ernestine Ewing sat beside her and helped with deft, lazy fingers.

"You'd make a really first-class filing clerk, Miss Ewing," said Miss Bradshaw.



The girl glanced up in surprise at the sound of her name

"Would you mind if I opened the window in front of you, Miss Ewing?" she asked timidly. "I'm that sleepy I need the cold air to wake me up."

The girl glanced up in surprise at the sound of her name. "Surely. My soul needs airing too," she answered with a whimsical smile.

"You know, I make a first-class anything for the first week," said the girl, smiling. "I tell you that in confidence. It's the second week, when I begin to get bored, that all my qualifications take wings."

Miss Bradshaw glanced at her sharply. "Is that the trouble with your typing lately? I

never saw a better beginning than you made. Your hands are just right for typing. You've practiced the piano, I imagine."

"Oh, I play," Ernestine replied cheerfully, "but practice—never!"

"Oh!" said Miss Bradshaw. She caught sight of Rose. "Do I make you shiver now, Miss McBride? I think you need more practice at your typing. Put your hand here beside Miss Ewing's. See the difference? Your fingers are short and stiff; hers are long and flexible. Of course she gets the technique quicker than you do."

Rose took her hand back hastily; it was red and chapped from dishwater.

"You could stay and practice here," Miss Bradshaw went on, quite unconscious of Rose's embarrassment, "but you'd be interrupted. Miss Ewing tells me she has a typewriter in her room that you may use for an hour after class every day, and she will teach you a little if you need it."

Rose's blue eyes widened; she clasped her hands ecstatically—and then she remembered. "I have to work," she said. "I'd love to, but I've got to be back at my job at four."

Miss Bradshaw tapped the desk with her pencil. "Could you arrange some other hours?"

"Well now, maybe I could," Rose said thoughtfully. "They wouldn't let me work later than ten at the candy shop, because they close then; but maybe they would let me in early in the morning. I'll ask this evening. Thank you, Miss Ewing and Miss Bradshaw!"

She left the two looking at each other; Ernestine's face was tender with pity, and Miss Bradshaw's was grim. "I should say it was up to us to see her through, Miss Ewing. Thank heaven, she has a real gift for shorthand, and it isn't too late for her to come up in typing."

"I can do it," Rose said the next day. "It was all right at the shop. And, Miss Ewing, I finished the first exercise today. You won't have to teach me that!" She was radiant with happiness, and in the shelter of the desk her feet sketched a little dance step quite of their own accord.

"Where did you learn that?" Ernestine asked with interest. "I thought that step was my own invention!"

"You taught it to me," Rose said proudly.

"I did?"

"When you had the class at the settlement last year."

Ernestine laughed. "I beg your pardon for recognizing your toes before your face, Rose. I can see you now at the end of the row. But I was there only a night or two."

"Four," Rose corrected her. To be walking over to Ernestine's room with her, to be called Rose, were enough to take all her attention. To think what she could tell Nora!

"Was it so many?" Ernestine asked. "I know I stopped soon; I usually stop soon, but that was sooner than usual. The car ride made me sick, and the stockyards do smell!"

"I know," Rose said apologetically. "We went there to live first because Tom had to get work. It was easy to get jobs there and cheap rooms. Tom always said that when I was through high school we'd move away. But he died last year, and we had to stay for a while longer. But Nora's in high school, and I'm studying stenography just as Tom planned."

"Here we are," Ernestine announced. "The typewriter's on the table. Try it to see how you like it while I make tea."

The hour was a succession of delights and embarrassments; Rose tried to drink tea as daintily as Ernestine, to strike the keys with Ernestine's easy freedom; and at the end of the hour she had completed another perfect exercise.

Miss Bradshaw smiled brisk approval at the two girls next day, and with the aid of another cup of tea Rose went bravely on to learn the use of her middle finger. It was a pity that she was still so sleepy. The manager of the candy kitchen told her that, if she couldn't stay awake over her work, he would have to find another girl. The threat frightened Rose, but otherwise she had never been so happy and never had had so much to tell Nora in the Sunday mornings that were nearly all their waking time together now.

With Ernestine's help even the stubborn fourth fingers were growing more dependable. Rose's work was slow, but it was not the nervous, haphazard fumbling for keys that it once had been. The most marvelous thing was her acquaintance with Ernestine's friends who dropped in through the afternoon hour of practice and chatted with Rose



as easily as with Ernestine. Then the supplementary lesson was pushed more and more into the background; Rose came over regularly after class, but other and more fascinating things occurred.

"What's the use?" Ernestine would say and yawn. "I'm lazy today. You must be dead yourself, Rosaleen. Why work so hard? You've caught up with me by now—ahead of me in shorthand."

"Caught up with you?"

"Indeed you have."

"Why are you taking that course, Tina?" asked a visitor amiably. "We all thought you would have dropped it before this."

"How well you know me! It wasn't my idea; it was Uncle Dicky's. He's a darling, you know, and is usually a tractable lamb, but this winter he got the idea that I ought to be looking forward to supporting myself. Not that there was any real need, but he said father would have wanted it—!" She was silent for a moment.

"Well, of course he thought I would teach," she continued, "but I thought of stenography. Do you know why, Sarah?"

The visitor could not imagine.

"I earned a whole dollar once, typing some history notes for Uncle Dicky. So I told him I believed I should be a financial success at typewriting; indeed my experience had proved it! Uncle Dicky was slightly startled; typewriting is a little common for him, you know, but he could hardly protest, now could he? So he agreed, but I have a feeling he'll repent about June and welcome me home. I don't think he's told mother yet. I haven't! I shall know enough typewriting to do an occasional letter for him—if he wants me to!"

"Don't work too hard," Sarah said and laughed. Rose made no comment.

"Come over here, Rosaleen," Ernestine coaxed her. "You're so tired. Sarah, trot along to your studies. We want to sleep!"

Rose lay down; she was confused and tired. When she awoke Ernestine was still asleep, and the hands of the little table clock were at five. Rose snatched her wraps and fled for the street car.

Her fears were justified; the manager of the candy kitchen was in high dudgeon. One more trial he would give her, and then he would find a girl who could put her mind on business!

Nora coughed that night and kept her awake, and Rose went over a good many things in her mind. She thought how she could get Nora into a warmer room next winter; she wondered how it would seem to play at working and studying, knowing all the time that she would be fed and clothed and housed whether she did well or badly; and she made the hard decision what she must do the next day.

She had left her notebooks in Ernestine's room in her hurry and so could not work at her shorthand on the car.

Miss Bradshaw's eyebrows went up at her explanation. "Very well," she said, "but don't let your shorthand drop. Your typing isn't speeding up as it should."

"I know it," Rose said bravely. "I'll be working at it more, Miss Bradshaw."

"Wasn't I the sleepy dormouse?" Ernestine hailed her. "Did you find your books on your desk, Rosaleen?"

"I did and thank you," said Rose. "I can't come over today, Ernestine."

"Why not?"

Rose hesitated. "Because I cannot work over there," she replied, "and I must work. I'll stay here and practice."

"But, dear child," Ernestine said impatiently, "you need something besides practice. You need a cup of tea and some fun!"

Rose shook her head.

"Oh, well—" Ernestine lifted her chin, and her lovely color deepened. "I'm sorry. I thought you found it useful."

"Ernestine—Miss Ewing—" Rose ran after her. "I do thank you! I never could have learned anything without you. But now—Nora coughed hard all night," she finished pitifully.

"You are very welcome," the older girl said formally. "Good-by."

Rose went miserably back to her typewriter and in that hour accomplished little. But when Nora coughed again through the night and could not go to school in the morning for the pain in her chest Rose forgot all about her own forlornness. She begged half an hour off and saw the woman for whom Nora sewed to make sure that she did not lose her place. That afternoon she practiced well in spite of her fatigue, and in her great anxiety she scarcely noticed the pain that Ernestine's casual greeting gave her.

Nora was better before long, and Rose, though white and tired, had improved noticeably in her work; but Ernestine did not like the look on her face. It was too still and quiet, and Ernestine felt somehow responsible. She left a basket of fruit on Rose's desk for Nora with a pleasant inquiry after the little sister and was answered with a surprised smile that went to her heart. After that the two were friendly again, though Ernestine did not ask the girl from the stockyards to her room.

Rose carried the gift to the excited Nora; but she could not share Nora's rosy day-dreams. That door was closed. She seldom caught a glimpse of Ernestine's friends, who had liked her and called her Rosaleen.

Since she had lost them, she centred her hopes on finding a well-paid place as stenographer. She meant to find a better room in a cleaner part of town and to dress pretty Nora as she knew that she ought to be dressed. Perhaps Nora could have whatever friends she liked; Rose was a little shaky on that point. Friends seemed to come by accident; they picked you up, and pretty soon they dropped you, and there was nothing you could do about it.

Spring came at last; the campus blossomed in formal beds of tulips, and Rose noticed the ivy buds lying bright against the gray stone walls. "It's May, Miss Bradshaw," she said shyly. "Is that too early for jobs to be coming up?"

Miss Bradshaw pursed her lips. "It's a poor season, but don't get discouraged. I'm quite ready to recommend you when anything good appears."

Rose took up her practicing with little heart. What if she had gone through all the hard winter and nothing to come of it!

At the desk before her, Ernestine was folding a letter with beautiful preciseness; she put it into its envelope with apparent satisfaction. A much-handled letter lay beside her, and she took it up to read again.

My dearest Ernestine. I find that I shall need the services of a stenographer. The manuscript for my new book is ready to be typed, and I shall be writing many letters until it is all in print. It seems to me only fair to offer you the position.

I must say frankly that I had not looked forward with great confidence to making you the offer. I remembered your offer of last summer to catalogue my library. It resulted in three hundred volumes stacked on the floor and only fifty cards made out! After that you went off to a house party to recover from your labors, didn't you? But your instructor, Miss Bradshaw, gives me a very encouraging account of the way you have carried the secretarial course. I have always said that you would be successful at anything on which you would put your mind for six months.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,  
Richard Brewer.

Ernestine had written her answer with all the care possible; she had even brought it over to the classroom to copy, because she liked the size of the letters on the typewriter that she used in class. She did not intend that Uncle Dicky should lose any of his awakened pride in her. But her letter read:

Dear Uncle Dicky. I am very grateful to you for your invitation to come home and let myself be spoiled this summer. I should love to do it. But—

What I need, and what I am going to get, is a real job here in the city. I am going to get a boss who won't let me off to go to a house party when I coax!

The stenographer you want is named Rose McBride. She is in this class, and she is competent and charming; you won't have to teach her how to work. You also want, dear uncle, her little sister Nora, who needs the country air. I should think she might be well employed for the summer in watering the canaries or taking Laddie for walks. Rose is my friend. In fact she made me what I am today, a real stenographer.

Don't tempt me again. Please don't tell Rose I spoke of her; engage her through Miss Bradshaw. You will do this for me, won't you? I think father would have approved.

Your self-respecting niece,  
Ernestine.

She swung round in her chair to watch Rose's flying, accurate fingers. The slanting sunlight showed plainly the worn places on the cuffs of the girl's winter dress, the blue hollows under her eyes and her firm, repressed little mouth.

Rose whisked out her finished paper from the machine; as she stood up she met Ernestine's old comradely smile. It warmed her as not all the spring sunshine could do; it seemed to assure her that friendships were enduring even between a stockyards girl and a university senior.

"If you're ready," said Ernestine, "I'll walk along with you and mail this letter."



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

The whole contrivance, we discovered, was on huge wire cables

## THE CHIMERA OF WITTEE LAKE

By Archibald Rutledge

### Chapter Five. The secret entrance

MEETING the big rowboat in the Santee opposite the swamp, surprising and curious as the circumstance was, was not so unaccountable as we had supposed. When we drew near shrill voices hailed us in friendly fashion, and I thought I recognized certain of them. As the ponderous boat drew alongside we found that it contained two negro men and eight or nine adventurous boys from the village of Beaufain. We were astonished and relieved; now we had nothing to fear, though we might have to rescue the runaways, for such they seemed to be.

"This is one of the Beaufain expeditions after the lost Lamars," I said to Captain Pinner. "What are we to do with these boys? If school opened in the village last week they ought to be with Afton Haile."

"Do?" inquired Sam. "Fight the ship, I say." He smiled winningly.

In a moment he brought the Undine up against a marshy shore; and as there now was little breeze we cast an anchor into the marsh and lay to easily against the bank. The big rowboat came alongside. A bright-faced crowd of youngsters they were; only one was more than fifteen years old. I knew most of them, and Rodney knew all of them.

"Where have you boys been?" I asked.

At my question young Godfrey Moreland, son of the postmaster in Beaufain, stood up. The others eyed him a little anxiously; evidently they had chosen him as spokesman. "We've been up the river," Godfrey explained guardedly.

"You're a long way from home," Sam Pinner said. "You boys," he added with exceeding plainness, "must have run off."

Their faces showed that Sam had hit upon the truth, or very close to it. "Well, not exactly run off," young Moreland explained deprecatingly with a grace that made me understand why he had something of a reputation as a speaker in the high school, "but we came to rescue the Lamars, to find them, Winwood and Edwin. We didn't find them," he added.

"And that's the truth anyhow," muttered Sam Pinner grimly.

"Where did you get your boat?" Rodney asked.

"It belongs to Pino," replied Godfrey, indicating one of the two negroes with the boys—Pino Howard, who, as I have said, bore a dubious reputation in our country.

"You boys got up an expedition all your own, did you?" asked Captain Pinner. "And likely your people don't know where you are," he added. "When did you leave home?"

"Yesterday afternoon," came the ready answer; "but we stayed last night at Pino's place. We brought rations for four days, but

somehow they are all gone now. We're going back home. We left word where we were going so that no one would get very much excited," he added weakly. "We couldn't find the place they call Wittee Lake."

At that moment I left the others talking with the boys and beckoned Pino Howard out of the rowboat and down to the stern of our sloop. I first censured him roundly for having brought the boys away from home without permission on a journey that he might have known would be full of danger. Then I asked him about the strange craft that had encountered us so brutally the night before.

Pino's face was a study. He did not know how much I knew. He appeared sullen, defensive and alert. Finally he admitted that he had seen the boat. "I see him," he said; "I done say he is a war boat. He travels very fast."

"Why do you go aboard her?" I asked, looking him straight in the eyes.

"I go 'board him?" he asked, but he saw that I knew. "I did sell them people some fishin' lines and some sweet potatoes," he admitted.

But I could see that he was keeping back much. "Where does she go, and what is her business?" I asked, trying to put the question as if it were a matter of ordinary interest.

The negro shifted his position uneasily. "Mr. Abner," he said, "dat is a funny thing. He do go up the ribber, but I dunno where he go. I say," he added, with sudden inspiration, "he go up to Columbia on gov'ment business."

"Likely," I replied dryly. "But surely, Pino, you have some idea what happened to the two young Lamars! Men don't usually disappear in our country as those two did."

"I say it is a heavy bull halligator what done it," he replied. "Some is in dis ribber," he added with a boastful sort of proprietorship, "dat is as long as the Undine here."

"Well, Pino," I said sharply, "if one of them is as big as one of your lies he must be a whale!"

Pino laughed, but his laughter jarred me. Though I was far from being satisfied with him, I questioned him no further. He had not told me the whole truth, but if we wanted him further we could get him at any time; his home was just a little way down the river from Jesse's place.

Suddenly there was a popping sound, and Rodney and Sam Pinner left off chatting with the boys; a small launch was coming up the river. Even as I turned to look for her she hove in sight and rapidly drew up to us. Running alongside with her power shut off, she passed us a line. The boat contained Mr. Moreland, the postmaster in Beaufain,



and Arthur Fenwick, the father of another of the boys in the long boat.

"Well," said Mr. Fenwick cheerfully enough, "here are our runaways. We probably have you men on the Undine to thank for rescuing these rescuers."

"No," Captain Pinner replied, "we have just met them here in the river."

While Mr. Fenwick turned to talk with the boys and with the two negroes Mr. Moreland came aboard the sloop. He called Sam Pinner, Rodney and me aside, in his hand he held a letter in a very much soiled envelope. "We have heard from the two Lamars," he said abruptly. "This letter came last night to their father in the village. It's not from them, but it's of them. Read it and then tell me what you make of it."

I took the envelope and, drawing forth a dirty and ragged sheet of paper, spread it out. The writing was scrawled and awkward. While the three men looked at it with me I read the threatening words:

W. and E. Lamar are for ransoming held. Leave \$2000 in gold in a bag beside the old wharf on the north beach of Shark Island, and the men will be released. This must be before Friday, the 17th of September, at sundown. No tricks. If you try any, you and W. and E. Lamar will never return home. Act and you will save them; refuse and you sentence them to die.

The communication was unsigned.

I need not say that we read the thing with amazement. Of course on our coast in the old days of Blackbeard and Stede Bonnet such a piece of business would not have appeared strange; but could such things happen in our days? Yet—so I reasoned—big things always happen on big waters, and the sea has mysteries of its own over which each generation will wonder. We often find flotsam on the beaches, and I began to think of the whole affair as a piece of flotsam that the war had rolled upon our shores. That great disaster was indeed over, but far off on peaceful shores the waves of its mighty red tide were breaking.

"How in the world did you get this letter?" I asked Mr. Moreland.

"It came in the mail. As soon as Tom Lamar read it he brought it to me."

"Was it postmarked?"

"That's the curious part about it. It is postmarked Beaufain. Of course," he added, "it may not have been mailed there. One of our rural carriers may have brought it in."

"What's to be done about it, Godfrey?" asked Captain Pinner. "We aren't exactly used to dealing with pirates and brigands."

"Tom Lamar," replied the postmaster, "is inclined to pay the money. As a matter of fact he is already negotiating with a bank in Charleston to get the gold coin specified in the letter. Some of us want to turn the whole matter over to the rural police and the Coast Guard station; we feel that there's nothing to do but catch those villains! But it is dangerous business; Tom Lamar says that the life of his two sons is the first consideration, and of course it is."

"Did this letter bring you up here, or was it the boys?" Rodney asked.

"These youngsters," the postmaster answered. "You see," he explained, "this is their last week before school opens, and they were just wild about this business. Several expeditions from the village in search of the Lamars had failed; so the boys thought they would take a whirl at it. They got Pino and that other old slouch to bring them up the river in Pino's boat. I don't blame them much for coming. They gave us a scare though."

"You don't seem worried," said Captain Pinner. "After this letter it seems to me that each of us is in the worst kind of danger. Why shouldn't the same thing happen to us that happened to the Lamars? However," he added, "nobody but a fool would hold Sam Pinner for ransom."

"You don't appear worried either," Mr. Moreland replied. "Why should we?"

Rodney and I did not mention the strange craft we had seen; we felt that we were in too great a crowd. If our own expedition were going to succeed, we couldn't afford to give away all the information that we had gathered. I remembered too that Sam Pinner staked much on the success of our scheme. It was he that now spoke.

"Well," he said, "the Lamars are alive; that's the main thing. It is a case of finding them or perhaps of playing the game with the outlaws who wrote this letter."

"I don't think," I suggested, "that we who are here can do anything about the letter. And if you'll take my advice, Godfrey," I added, "you'll get that boatload of youngsters off this river as quick as you can."

"Where are you fellows going?" Mr.

Moreland asked with a faint touch of suspicion in his eyes and tone.

"We are going to Wittee Lake," I replied, "if we can find an entrance. By the way, Godfrey, did you people in the village have anything like an earthquake shock last night?"

"Did we!" he ejaculated. "All of us felt it; but it did small damage. Afton Haile declares that we almost had a tidal wave; and the tide did have a sudden rise. The negroes were terrified. Did you men notice it?"

"We were near the mouth of the river," I replied, "and the tide rose suddenly. The surf thundered fearfully. We felt the tremor too, but it was all over in a minute."

"We'll be going back now," Mr. Moreland said with sudden decision; "the mothers of all these boys will be nervous wrecks before we get back home. Pino," he called, "pass your towrope over the stern of the launch, and we'll tow you down. Two of you boys can come in the launch with me."

In a moment the engine began to pound, and soon the small craft swung away from us, towing the cumbersome rowboat.

"I tell you," said Captain Pinner, "if we had told them all we knew, the whole of Beaufain would be up here, and nothing would be accomplished; we simply could do nothing with that crowd. Abner, if you and Rodney think as I do about all these matters, we are following up the biggest mystery and the boldest highwayman's game that this part of the country has ever known. The Lamars disappear; Jesse Melon is run down in the river; the Western Wave without a man aboard piles high on Shark Island; we ourselves are almost run down; and now comes this letter calling for ransom money! A gang of fiends is at work here in our home river; and it seems to be our business to put an end to their doings."

"Yes," said Rodney, "fight the ship!"

All the while our visitors had been with us our two negroes had lain sprawled in the bow of the sloop, basking pleasantly in the balmy sunshine. It happened that the two negroes in the rowboat did not belong to the same order as Mobile and Jesse; therefore greetings had been somewhat distant. Now Captain Pinner called to them:

"Boys, step ashore and bring the anchor aboard. We'll go a little higher up the river to look for the mouth of that old creek."

The marshy land on which the two negroes stepped looked natural enough; it was heavy river mud densely grown to tussocks of grass, wampee and marsh. It looked like all the other reaches of marsh shore line. Yet as the two men sprang upon it I, who happened to be looking at them, saw a whole section of the river bank quiver. Mobile and Jesse were as certain as I that something was wrong with the place; with exceeding haste they jumped back aboard the Undine.

"It's another earthquake!" cried Rodney, half in jest.

"The whole bank seems to be floating," said Sam Pinner, eying the place with curious interest.

"Dat's a mantrap," Jesse declared, rolling his eyes fearfully, and Jesse was competent to speak of traps.

All of us began to examine the object of our strange discovery, and I must admit that it was a most cunningly devised arrangement. The original bank had been deeply cut away, leaving a square of water, into which a rude but well-constructed raft of white cypress logs had been floated. Over the raft had been spread mud, and the vegetation had been replaced on top; it had soil, water and warmth, and it grew luxuriantly. The whole contrivance, we discovered, was on huge wire cables, which permitted the raft to swing outward and disclosed an entrance to a deep, clear creek. Yet so ingeniously did the screen hide the entrance, and so heavily did the trees arch over the creek mouth, that even natives of the country might have passed the place for a lifetime without suspecting anything unusual. Both Mobile and Jesse were superstitiously impressed.

"I know now," said Captain Pinner; "this is the entrance to a rendezvous!"

"Yes," I agreed, "and the rendezvous is Wittee Lake!"

"Are we going in?" Rodney asked.

"This business," said Captain Pinner, "is likely to prove dangerous, and I shouldn't care to take any man into it against his will. But if we are agreed to see the thing through, we can hardly stop short of Wittee Lake."

"I'm with you," I said heartily. "Rodney and I are with you to the end!"

We made ready to invade the lair of the black destroyer despite the deadly perils that we knew might lurk in such a place.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## The Little GINGERBREAD MAN



"And there she was a-baking  
Out of fragrant gingerbread  
A little man who from the pan  
Rose as we rise from bed."

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this beautiful  
book  
Just off the  
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### The Little GINGERBREAD MAN is waiting for you to send for him

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**I pledge allegiance  
to my flag  
and to the Republic  
for which it stands:  
one nation, indivisible,  
with liberty  
and justice  
for all.**

A generation of public-school pupils have learned the Pledge to the Flag since the day it was formulated by The Youth's Companion. On this Memorial Day let that generation join with the passing and the coming generation to which they have taught it in rededicating themselves in its words to the flag of the United States.

### FACT AND COMMENT

**ANYONE CAN SEE** results; it takes a wise man to discern causes.

The Daisy is a Weed that has no Worth—  
Save that it makes a Dearer Place of Earth.

**IS RELIGION NARROWING?** Well, so is the gun barrel that keeps the projectile in the rifling; so are the railway tracks that keep the express train from the ditch; so is the steering wheel that holds the car in the middle of the road; but they save from wreck and mean achievement.

**ONE OF THE RICHEST** producing oil fields in the United States belongs to the Osage Indians in Oklahoma. Every enrolled Osage Indian shares equally in the royalties and bonuses, irrespective of his individual land-holdings. Every individual Indian received approximately ten thousand dollars last year, and some families received as much as eighty thousand dollars.

**OLD NEWSPAPERS** from which the ink has been removed by processes lately discovered make a good grade of book paper. In recent months manufacturers have paid as much as thirty dollars a ton for them, and they say that the supply is inadequate. Charities that organize to collect old newspapers find they have an excellent source of revenue. Incidentally they help the cause of forestry. It is said that six tons of waste paper saves an acre of forest.

**PREVENTING PERSONS** from traveling who are suffering from contagious diseases is so difficult as to be impracticable. Laws now uniform over a large part of the country absolutely forbid persons to travel while sick with the plague, cholera, yellow fever, typhus or smallpox, but those who have such diseases as measles and chicken pox may travel if they are under the care of a responsible attendant who will carry out all the protective measures that the health authorities deem necessary.

**IF SO MANY AMERICANS** did not chew gum, we should know less than we do about the extraordinary civilization of the Mayas. The prehistoric cities and temples that the Mayas built are buried deep in the Central American jungle; but the chicle tree from which we get the gum that cash girl and messenger boy chew so industriously grows in that jungle. It was the chicle "bleeders" that opened the trails into the heart of the forest, and it is they that have stumbled upon almost all of the wonderful Maya ruins.

**EVERYONE** who uses a vacuum bottle will be interested to know that the inventor of it, Sir James Dewar, one of the most eminent British men of science, died on one of the last days of March. Sir James was one of the men who reduced to liquid and then to solid form such so-called permanent gases as hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. The vacuum bottle might be called an accidental invention, for the idea originated from his contrivance for transporting without loss from place to place the liquefied gases produced in his laboratory.

He put the liquid in the inner compartment of a double receptacle, the space between the two parts of which was a vacuum, through which heat cannot pass. The bottle is merely the result of that scientific principle put to practical use.

### GETTING ALONG WITHOUT GOD

**I**S religion losing its hold on the people? Not if the statistics of church membership are taken as the test. Does religion today mean what it did fifty years ago? That is a different question and one that cannot be disposed of so easily. Is God as the object of worship and the source of good as real to us as He was to our fathers? That we cannot help doubting.

It is apparent that among the multitude of current systems for improving our bodily health, for relaxing the fret and strain of daily life and for gaining inward peace there are scarcely any that include prayer. It is the human will that the new prophets exalt, or else it is the hypnotic power of self-suggestion that they appeal to. God is not so much denied as ignored. It is not common to hear the sort of militant atheism that Colonel Ingersoll used to pour out. The very earnestness of his unbelief would be considered as extravagant by modern agnostics. They are polite toward those who still believe in God. They avoid offense by shifting their ground. They do not dispute concerning religion; they simply substitute for it groups of psychological formulas, and they manage to carry along with them thousands who bear the name of Christians and who would be shocked if they were accused of irreligion.

Anyone who was brought up among the genuinely religious influences that were common in American homes a generation ago cannot help realizing that a change has come over a great part of our people. Outwardly circumspect and attentive to religious obligations, they show no consciousness of God as an active and controlling power in their lives. For their health and happiness they depend on the cultivation of their own will power rather than on a careful compliance with God's will. When they manifest an interest in humanity it seldom goes beyond the desire to make men and women more comfortable economically. At the thought of prayer or of other definite communion with the Divine Power they are uneasy, as if that were an outgrown attitude of the spirit from which modern psychology had delivered us.

We believe that this is a temporary illusion, inevitable perhaps in an age that is distinguished chiefly for its curiosity in the field of physical science and its ingenuity in the field of mechanical invention. But there is no hope for the health or happiness of the human soul without a definite reliance upon the Divine Power that is at once without ourselves and within ourselves. Whatever the human intellect and the human will can do for the relief of bodily ills, they cannot, unaided, do much for the spiritual sickness that afflicts so large a part of the world.

### ORPHANS OF THE NEAR EAST

**W**HEN the Turks drove the Greeks out of Asia Minor and burned Smyrna there were left in Turkish territory nearly thirty thousand orphan children who had been brought up in the Christian faith and who were being cared for by Americans. The Turkish national government refused to assume any responsibility for the safety of those children, and, fearing that they would either be massacred or left to starve, their American friends undertook to conduct them to more hospitable lands. Under such protection and guidance as the Americans could supply bands of children journeyed for hundreds of miles on foot, trudging over mountains and across deserts and through country infested with bandits. Eventually about ten thousand of them found shelter in Syria, and most of the others in Greece. Among the buildings that the Greek government has given for housing the children is the ex-kaiser's beautiful palace at Corfu.

In addition to those children many others, whose parents, fugitives from Turkish territory, have succumbed to the hardships of refugee life, are stranded in Greece and Syria.

Although those countries have willingly received the refugee children and provided shelter for them, it is an American organization that has undertaken to care for them. The Near East Relief, chartered by act of Congress, now has sixty thousand orphan

children whom it is supporting—orphans whom it is not merely supplying with food and clothing but whom it is educating and training in their native crafts. It hopes to build these refugee orphans up into a body strong enough and capable enough within a generation to take the lead in creating a new era in the social and industrial life of the Near East.

### NOVELTY

**O**NE of the needs of life for everyone is novelty. Sameness oppresses the spirit and dulls the mind. People complain of the treadmill of existence, of the monotony of toil. They long for something exciting, something new. Excitement is of the essence of novelty; on novelty depends excitement. And excitement of some sort people must have; and if they can't have healthy excitement, they are likely to procure for themselves unhealthy excitement.

In order to find novelty a man does not have to seek change of scene. He does not even need change of occupation. Nor is it necessary to turn from old friends and comrades and take up with new ones. Any one of those measures may offer novelty and produce excitement, but it may be at too great an expense. There is novelty to be had almost without risk or cost and sure to yield a profit. The excitement that it offers is not immediately stirring, yet it may lead to undreamed-of opportunities. It is novelty that requires for its uncovering some force of character, some mental initiative and ambition. How many people that complain of the staleness and the monotony of their lives ever undertake to learn any new thing? Indeed, how many people, whether they complain of monotony or not, ever voluntarily take up and pursue a new study outside fields that are admittedly those of recreation—as golf, dancing, automobilism or bridge? Yet there is in the pursuit of learning, whether the field is history or natural history, science or languages, a novelty with attendant possibilities of excitement that may not come to those who freely indulge themselves in sport or in travel.

If you are bored or discontented with your daily lot, cease trying to amuse yourself in your unoccupied moments. Killing time kills the soul. Study some subject; supplement your study, if the subject makes it practicable to do so, by observation or experiment. Specialize in something that is outside your routine of work. Make by degrees for yourself a library on that subject. Perhaps sometime you will yourself be able to contribute something to the knowledge of it. Knowledge is power; in the acquisition and the right use of power lie the best excitement that the human being can know.

### THE "WORLD COURT" ISSUE TODAY

**I**F we are to believe the political writers in the newspapers, the managers of the Republican national organization wish very much that the President could be persuaded to withdraw his recommendation that the United States accept membership in the Court of International Justice. That is because not all Republicans think alike on the subject, and political managers dread nothing so much as pressing an issue that may reveal disagreement within the party. They are constantly fearing some such schism as split the Democratic party in 1896 and the Republican party in 1912. Catastrophes of that kind do not always follow the appearance of an issue on which a party is not unanimous, but the politicians do not like to take chances. "Safety first" is still their motto.

But the political writers are equally sure that the President does not mean to abandon his proposal. He is expected to renew it and to argue in favor of it during the speaking trip that he is to make this summer. He has the support of his Cabinet, notably of two of the strongest men in it, Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover. The Speaker of the House, Mr. Gillett, has come out openly on the same side. Mr. Root, Senator Pepper and other Republican leaders are with him too.

On the other hand there are many who are unconvinced. Leaders of that mind are common in the Senate, both in the conservative and in the radical wing. Senators La Follette and Johnson seem for this occasion ready to vote with Senators Moses and Brandegee. How the Republican party at large feels about it can only be guessed. If

the truth could be known, it might turn out that the division is not far from even. But we do not get the impression that the feeling, one way or the other, is strong enough to break the party in two, whatever decision is reached.

As for the Democrats, they are naturally enough playing a waiting game. Their leaders would like to annoy the Republicans as well as to express their real opinions on the subject. Ex-President Wilson wants us to join the court, but he does not want any such reservations as President Harding suggests. Senator Glass is ready to vote us in, with reservations or without them. Senator Reed of Missouri, we take it, is equally determined that we shall not go in at all. Each of the three points of view has its supporters among the Democrats, but in what proportion is again a guess.

On both sides therefore the situation is mixed and uncertain. No one knows how the Senate would vote on it today, still less how it will vote on it next winter. The President's tour will stimulate general discussion of that as well as other current problems. Our own impression is that the proposal is a little less popular today than it seemed to be last spring, but that it is stronger among the people generally than among the Senators and Representatives in Washington. The current will set one way or the other before next December. Whichever way it runs we do not expect it to tear either party in two.

### SUGAR

**E**VERY householder, indeed every person in the land, is interested in the price of sugar. Even when it is cheapest it is one of the largest items in the family budget, and when the price is high the increased cost either compels economy in the use of it or draws unduly on the family income.

Sugar is now high. What caused the rise in price? Until we know the answer to that question it is useless to inquire what can be done to remove or mitigate the cause. Instead of there being any agreement about it, there are acute and sometimes angry controversies.

The usual, and what may be termed the natural, explanation of price fluctuations is the law of supply and demand. A short crop or an abnormal demand causes the price to rise. A very large crop or a lessening of consumption compels dealers to lower the price. But market values are not always determined by such a simple rule. Speculation promotes and accelerates natural tendencies. The great city exchanges undoubtedly have a powerful influence on the movement of prices, but whether it is enough to reverse natural tendencies is a matter of dispute. Sometimes government measures affect prices by taxation or by restrictions of one sort or another on external trade.

Each one of the three explanations just mentioned has strong supporters and earnest opponents. It is not denied, for the trade statistics are undeniable, that in the last ten years the consumption of sugar has increased greatly—in this country it has probably doubled—and that the production has greatly diminished. That, of course, makes some increase of price inevitable, but not, in the opinion of many careful students of trade movements, such an immoderate rise as has occurred. They attribute the excess above the natural rise to the speculation on the New York exchange. To confirm their theory they point to the reported sale of hundreds of thousands of tons of sugar when only a few thousand tons are actually delivered.

There is the other theory, that the present tariff law adds to the cost of the raw sugar that is imported, and that the refiners take advantage of it in fixing the price of the sugar that they sell for consumption. There is a warm dispute whether the import tax has had anything to do with the recent movement of prices. The issue may have been raised for political purposes,—an easy thing to do, since party passions are easily excited by tariff topics,—or it may be raised in sincerity. But the tariff, even if it be one agent in causing the rise, is not the chief agent, for the high price is universal, a matter of complaint all over the world, whereas the effect of the American tariff can be only local.

In considering the effect of trading in futures on the New York exchange it must be remembered that for every person who nominally buys a quantity of sugar in the belief that it is going up there is another person who sells "short" because he expects it to go down. A government injunction against trading in futures would therefore



hit those who are resisting the rise in price as well as those who are promoting it.

Here we are, then, just where we started. Having found no agreement on what caused the high price, we know neither what steps to take nor in what quarter to look for a remedy.

### The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

**MANY** interesting things will appear in the June Department Number. On the Girls' Page there will be among other articles a useful, interesting and timely paper entitled

#### PLANNING THE WEDDING JOURNEY

June is the month for all sorts of out-of-door recreations. The Boys' Page will have articles on Summer Campaigning, which is a new and fascinating game, and on

#### SOME WATER SPORTS

Both the father and the mother will find something of interest on the Family Page. The woman of the house will get useful information from the article on

#### RENOVATING RUGS AT HOME

and the man of the house, thinking of vacation days, will be sure to find profit and pleasure in reading

#### HOMEMADE FISH BAITS

The series on marketing continues with an article on

#### HOW TO FIND AN HONEST BUYER

## CURRENT EVENTS

**AS** might naturally be expected, the Orthodox Church in Russia is going through some disturbing experiences. Besides the active hostility of the soviet government it faces numerous schisms within its own body. The trial of Dr. Tikhon, the patriarch of the church, for counter-revolutionary sympathies and acts has been postponed. The government apparently does not wish to arouse any more criticism of the kind that followed the trials of the Roman Catholic prelates, and it trusts that the church will take the responsibility off its hands by condemning Dr. Tikhon and removing him from his office. In that case the soviet authorities could proceed against him without being technically chargeable with interfering with the religion of the people. The patriarch of course represents the most conservative element in the Russian Church. There are other parties within the organization that believe he stands for a conception of religion that was bound up with the old czarism and that is as incongruous with present-day thought and feeling as the old autocracy is. There are two such parties, calling themselves respectively the Living Church and the Unified Apostolic Church, which have gone so far as to shape their religious ideas in some accordance with the wishes of the soviet government. How the people at large feel about it all we do not know. The Russian peasant is by nature silent and apathetic, and the censorship at Moscow would keep us from hearing him if he spoke articulately otherwise than as the Bolsheviks desire.

**THERE** is no immediate prospect of an interoceanic canal across Nicaragua. The opinion at Panama is that the present canal can handle all the business that will present itself for twenty-five or thirty years, and that then its capacity can be doubled by additional locks at Gatun, Miraflores and Pedro Miguel at a small part of the cost of a new canal. One of the arguments against the Nicaragua project is the difficulty and expense of protecting two canals instead of one in time of war.

**PUBLIC** office at Peking is not popular among Chinamen who really want to be of service to their country. The central government is so feeble and so much exposed to the danger of being overthrown that no one likes to be connected with it. In Peking they say that when the post of foreign minister became vacant it was offered to General Hwang-fu and Doctors Yen, Chen Ting-wang and Wellington Koo. None of them wanted it, but

they agreed to play a game of Ma Jung together, with the understanding that the man who had the lowest score should accept the portfolio. Dr. Koo "lost" and is now acting minister. Whether the story is apocryphal or not, China did not suffer by the choice; for in spite of his comparative youth Dr. Koo, who has been Chinese minister to the United States and to Great Britain and who was a delegate to the arms conference at Washington, is one of the ablest of modern Chinamen.

**THE** British Parliament voted down the first serious "dry" bill that ever came before it. Mr. Scrymgeour, who beat Mr. Winston Churchill in Dundee and who is a convinced prohibitionist, introduced the measure with a speech so intense in its feeling that it compelled the attention and respect of the members, most of whom began by taking the whole thing as a joke. The vote against the bill was 236 to 14. Those who spoke against it made much of the disrespect for law that systematic violation of the Volstead Act by people of standing in the community is causing in the United States.

**IT** is the present plan of the Shipping Board to offer for sale three hundred and eighty-eight government-owned steamships. The vessels have been so grouped as to cover eighteen main routes, and the purchasers must agree to maintain them on those routes—unless they are willing to pay the "world market" rates for the ships, which no one supposes they will be. Indeed, the fear of the government is that no one, or almost no one, will make any bids large enough seriously to be considered. If that is the case, the Shipping Board will continue to run the ships at whatever expense is necessary. President Harding and Mr. Lasker do not like the idea of government operation, but neither do they like the idea of taking the American flag off the seas while there are hundreds of sturdy American-built ships in existence.

**WHEN** will people learn not to deal with swindlers? The Post Office Department reports that within five years at least one hundred million dollars has been taken from five hundred thousand investors by dishonest vendors of oil stocks alone. State laws are often inadequate to deal with that form of swindling, but the promoters would soon find their business unprofitable if people would learn either to put their money only into enterprises of which they have actual personal knowledge or else to intrust it to persons or institutions that they know to be solvent and honest.

**THE** Allies are hard at work blowing up with dynamite the impregnable fortifications that the Germans built into the cliffs of Helgoland after the island came into their possession in 1890. Helgoland, which is a great block of sandstone about a mile long and nowhere so much as a mile wide, has long been diminishing in size under the attacks of wind and water. The dynamite explosions are hastening the process. Every discharge blows great pieces of the cliffs into the sea. It is said that the island will not long continue to lift its head above the water unless protective work is done along the shore.

**ADVOCATES** of prohibition will be encouraged by the news that a vote taken at the conference of the Independent Labor party in London declared against prohibition by the smallest of majorities. The vote was 163 to 152. The British workingman has long been represented as wedded to his beer, but it looks as if he were beginning to find the union not wholly happy and were considering the idea of a divorce.

**IN** the death of Knute Nelson, long a Senator from Minnesota, the country loses a faithful, courageous and able public servant. Mr. Nelson was an immigrant, born in Norway, but during his long life he became so thoroughly American that he might well be chosen as an example of all that the adjective ought to mean. He was neither an orator nor a party manager, but a man of sound judgment, clear intellect and entire independence of character. At a time when sectional or personal interests and prejudices blind so many men to the welfare of the country as a whole Senator Nelson won an honorable reputation for his fair dealing, his generous partisanship and his devotion to the service of these United States—one and indivisible.

Tastes better out of the  
"Krinkly Bottle"



## Mother's Treat

Mother called. John thought it was "errands." "Sis" thought it was "to play in the shade," but—Oh, boy! a real surprise, Ward's Orange-Crush. We coaxed and coaxed for a case and Mother finally got it. See it foam up. Feel how cold. And it's the same taste we liked so much at the picnic. Gee! A feller's lucky to have a mother that knows about Ward's "Crushes"—made in Orange, Lemon and Lime flavors. All are wholesome food products. Sold at every soda fountain or by the bottle or in cases.

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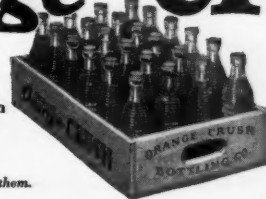
Orange-Crush Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

# Ward's Orange - CRUSH

Try Ward's  
LEMON-CRUSH  
LIME-CRUSH

The two delicious companion  
drinks of Orange-Crush

—also delightful, Crush-flavored  
Ice Cream, Ices and Sherbets.  
Ask any retail ice cream dealer for them.



#### CONSTITUENTS

Ward's "Crushes" owe their distinctive and delightful flavors to the natural fruit oils of oranges, lemons and limes. To these have been added pure cane sugar, citrus fruit juices, U. S. certified food color, fruit acid and carbonated water.





**T**HE Three Bears had never visited Blueberry Plains in blueberry season, and Little Bear could not understand why. He had teased and teased to go while the berries were ripe. The Plains were not far away, and the Three Bears had often fared forth on longer journeys just for a picnic.

"I could start in the morning and get there before sunset walking just like this!" explained Little Bear as he trudged slowly down to the gate and back, looking as if nothing could ever make him hurry.

Father Bear and Mother Bear couldn't help laughing, but even so Father Bear said severely, "This family is never going to Blueberry Plains on a pleasure excursion during blueberry season. Now I do not wish to hear another word about it!"

"Try to get Blueberry Plains out of your mind," said Mother Bear. "There are pickers there when the berries are ripe, and it is no place for a little bear. Go roll downhill in a barrel and forget all about it."

Usually Little Bear liked the fun of rolling downhill in a barrel, but today he felt all out of sorts and cross; so he sat on a big stone with his chin in his paws and did nothing but think how he should like to visit Blueberry Plains where the berries grew so thick that the whole land looked sky-blue. He had heard the robins tell great tales of their doings there when the berries were ripe. At last Little Bear had this thought: "I shall run away some day and visit Blueberry Plains all by myself!"

Next he whispered softly: "I shall run away some day and visit Blueberry Plains all by myself."

Little Bear thought that the words sounded brave instead of foolish, as of course they were; so he walked away to the grapevine tangle and shouted: "I shall run away some day and visit Blueberry Plains all by myself!"

The very next morning Auntie Cinnamon's twins came to play. Just for fun Little Bear told them what he was planning to do some day.

"You wouldn't dare!" cried the twins together.

"I should too!" answered Little Bear.

"Our folks never go there when the berries are ripe," said one of the twins, "on account of the hundreds and hundreds of pickers!"

"Pickers are thicker than the berries!" added the other twin.

Little Bear laughed. "Who is afraid of pickers?" he said.

Early the next day Little Bear sneaked out of bed and ran away. He met Yowler Wildcat on his way to the spring for a drink of water.

"Yowler," said Little Bear, "I wish that you would go to my folks just about noon and tell them that I have run away to Blueberry Plains! Maybe I'll never come home!"

## RAINY DAYS

By Melena Burns Denny

I love the attic play room.  
With banner, cap and train,  
We march in gay procession,  
While tappa-ty! drums the rain.  
Oh, the jolly noise of tramping,  
The laughter and the stamping,  
The cosy game of camping!  
While tappa-ty!  
Tappa-ty!  
Tappa-ty! drums the rain.

I love the quiet bedtime,  
With storybooks again.  
There are fairies in the pictures,  
And tippy-toe! runs the rain.  
Wee Willie Winkie's peeping,  
The firelight is leaping,  
And fairies all are sleeping,  
And tippy-toe!  
Tippy-toe!  
Tippy-toe! runs the rain.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Little Bear Runs Away to Blueberry Plains

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

I don't want my folks to cry and feel bad, so you tell them, if you please, where I am."

"But, Little Bear," cried Yowler, "the Plains are full of pickers! The pickers will get you!" "Who's afraid of pickers?" shouted Little Bear over his shoulder as he ran on.

Yowler waited until noon, then did his errand. He wasn't a bit astonished when Mother Bear began to cry. He had gone only as far as the grapevine tangle when he saw Father Bear traveling by like the wind in November. Yowler noticed that he carried a stick with something dangling from the end of it.

Imagine how Little Bear felt that afternoon when he looked back and saw Father Bear coming along the highway like the wind in November! Little Bear became suddenly too weak to stand; so he sat down on a log and began to take the pricklers out of his little suit; he called them "pickers." Not knowing exactly what to do, he spoke first when his father arrived.

"The pickers are getting thick already," said he in an offhand way, and he kept on picking sweetbrier thorns and wild-rose pricklers from his coat. "I am not a speck afraid of pickers, but I suppose I've got to go straight back home with you!"

"Oh, no," answered Father Bear cheerfully; "if you have decided to run away, why run along! I came to bring your bundle and stick. All runaways carry a bundle at the end of a stick."

Little Bear was startled and disappointed. He was homesick already and tired enough to cry. There were sharp pricklers in his feet. He did wish that his father would make him go home.

"Well, we'd better be jogging on," Father Bear said after he had whistled a tune cheerfully and rested a bit by the side of a big oak tree.

So on they jogged. Father Bear took such long steps that Little Bear had to run to keep up and was very tired.

Afterwards Little Bear told his mother that he and Father Bear galloped and galloped along the highway until at sunset they reached the hilltop overlooking the Plains. There Father Bear turned aside and said that he had to see some Grizzly relatives on business. He hoped Little Bear would always remember the day that he ran away and begged him not to forget the old folks, but to come back and see them sometime. That was all.

Little Bear couldn't speak; he could scarcely wink back the tears when Father Bear said "Good-by" and traveled away humming a cheerful tune. Then Little Bear sat down and cried because he was homesick and alone; he hadn't expected to be alone, but had supposed that many of his friends would be there to keep him company. His feet were sore from the pricklers, his head ached, and he was hungry.

As Little Bear gazed about in a forlorn fashion he noticed blueberry plants on the hilltop stretching out as far as he could see; the ground was sky-blue with the berries, and they were as big as marbles. Little Bear began to eat blueberries. He ate them and ate them and ate them, crawling along on the

ground as he picked the berries by the pawful, until he reached the brow of the hill.

There below him stretched the far-famed Blueberry Plains, but surrounding them were the white tents that belonged to the berry pickers. Little Bear understood at last what his mother, the Cinnamon twins and Yowler had meant when they spoke of pickers; they had meant berry pickers. From camp to camp the pickers shouted to one another and laughed and sang. Little Bear heard dogs barking and saw men carrying guns. He saw two little bears tied to stakes in front of one of the tents, and then he knew that Blueberry Plains when the berries were ripe was no place for him.

Back and back that frightened Little Bear crawled until he could not possibly be seen



from the Plains. Then he searched for a hiding place and found a wee cave that was exactly the right size for a badly scared, homesick, blueberry-sick Little Bear.

When he cuddled down in the cave Little Bear didn't intend to go to sleep; indeed not in such a dangerous place! He intended to rest until he stopped trembling and then start for home like a March wind chasing winter away, but when the Man in the Moon looked in a while later he saw that Little Bear was sound asleep. And soon after that along came Father Bear with the Grizzly relatives to peep into the tiny cave and laugh. Father Bear had been watching Little Bear every minute to protect him from harm.

"He will sleep until broad daylight," Father Bear whispered, "and then he'll make tracks for home. He will come limping along safely enough soon after I get there if I don't start until noon."

That was once when Father Bear made a mistake. Before the moon went to bed Little Bear awoke and, feeling better, jumped up and started toward home, running as fast as he could run. You may be sure that he never forgot that night. He traveled softly because he didn't wish to waken strangers, and he didn't stop for another nap. The sun was high in the sky when he reached home.

His mother was glad to see him. She forgave him for running away, gave him a warm



bath and a dose of castor oil and did everything else she could think of to make him feel better before she put him to bed. He slept long and soundly.

At supper time Father Bear arrived hungry and cheerful. "Do not look so sad, Mother Bear," said he; "Little Bear will be jogging home safely enough one of these days." And then he told her all that he knew about Little Bear's adventures. But Mother Bear didn't tell Father Bear all she knew; she was ever so quiet and tried hard to look troubled. She winked one eye and smiled a little for her own fun when Father Bear turned his back and acted fidgety as he gazed out of the window.

When darkness fell Mother Bear said, "Let's go to bed!"

"No," objected Father Bear; "let us sit up and keep a light in the window!"

"I do not see any sense in sitting up and keeping a light in the window," said Mother Bear, "but if we must, please go upstairs and light the candle and bring it down."

So Father Bear tramped heavily upstairs and lighted the candle. He saw something humpy in Little Bear's bed. It was Little Bear. Mother Bear came upstairs straightway and laughed at her joke on Father Bear; he laughed too. They made so much noise that they roused Little Bear.

He half opened his eyes and said sleepily, "Sorry I ran away—glad I'm home again—going to be a good Little Bear now for always and always!"

After that he never liked to hear anything said about Blueberry Plains.

## THE SONG IN THE WHISTLE

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

**A**LL winter the dryad had been away in the wood, but as soon as the spring wind began to talk in the willows by the brook she came back. The new green curtains that the leaves made hid her green skirts, but she was there. Every time the brook rippled the dryad laughed; her voice and the voice of the water were so much alike that you could not tell which was ripple and which was laughter. All that you heard was a very happy sound.

She was looking for a house in which to spend the summer, and she decided at last upon a new little tree that grew at the edge of the stream. Indeed, the willow was so new that John Henry, a little boy who had noticed it in the woods, did not call it a tree at all, but a willow shoot. However, it was

## WILD COLUMBINE

By Emily Millet Morse

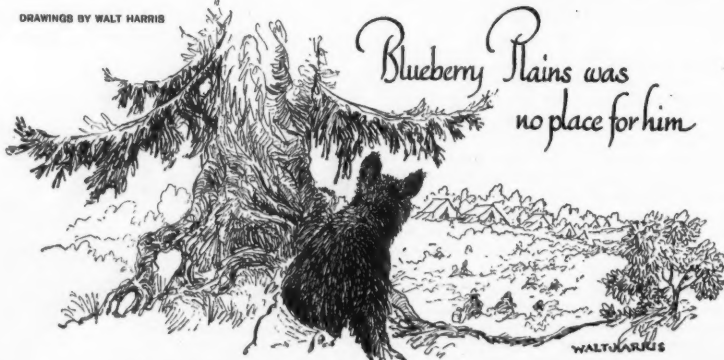
Wild gypsy flower the children love  
And search for in the spring,  
Not only on New England's hills  
Your crimson bells you swing,

But in new colors fair you come  
In south and west as well;  
Your dress is blue in southern woods  
And white on prairie swell.

And east and west you climb steep rocks  
To make your dwelling where  
Your cheerful bloom and hardy grace  
The very stones may share.

Then welcome, Miss Columbia,  
The nation's patriot true!  
Liberty caps each year you wear  
Of red and white and blue.

DRAWINGS BY WALT HARRIS





large enough for the dryad, who was slender. She knew that she should be able to squeeze herself into the little willow, and that once in there she could stay, with her long hair floating out over the top among the willow tassels, and that she could grow with the tree. It would make a lovely home and she was very content indeed when she thought about it.

But several things happened to make the dryad late in moving into her new home. In the first place as soon as the brook was free of ice it played so hard that it splashed water up on the bank; and the dryad did not like to get her feet wet. In the second place she waited for the willow to grow a little greener, so that it would match her dress. And in the third and last place she was afraid of John Henry. Indeed, how in the world could she help being afraid of him, a boy ten years old with a voice as loud as a bullfrog's and a pair of great squashy rubber boots!

So the dryad flitted and fluttered round on the bank of the brook for ever so many days, hiding first in a bush, then in a clump of trees, but always keeping a close watch on the little new willow. She knew well that John Henry too was watching the willow, for every day she heard him talking to himself about it. At length one day he said, "My willow shoot is almost ready for me now. I think I shall take it tomorrow."

"What can he want with the willow?" the dryad wondered sadly. Surely this big boy in rubber boots was not expecting to squeeze himself into the slim little willow! The idea was so funny that she had to laugh. She curled herself up on a cushion of ferns and tried to imagine John Henry in the willow. "Boots and all, I suppose," she said. "I will move in myself this very night, for surely this little tree is not large enough to hold both of us."

But when she went hurrying to the spot just before sunset she stopped short with a cry of distress. The little willow that she called a tree and that John Henry called a shoot had been cut off close to the ground. There it lay with most of its bark cut off and with gashes in its side. It would never be a dryad's home now, in any spring.

The poor dryad sat down on the ground and shed tears over the little ruined willow. At last she said aloud, "I will make it my home anyway, for I love it even if it is so cut and broken."

So in the way that dryads have she managed to get into the little willow. She was not comfortable, but she could not bear to have it lying alone and forlorn.

All night she stayed in the willow, and the next morning a strange thing happened. She waked to find herself, house and all, being lifted from the ground. Then she heard John Henry saying, "Here it is; I threw it away yesterday because it didn't seem to be any good." Another boy's voice replied, and then John Henry went on: "I can't think what's the matter with the old thing. I made it just the way grandfather told me to—slipped the bark off and measured the space for the hole and everything; but it won't make a sound, no matter how hard I blow on it."

"Oh, well, let it go," said the other boy. "Let's play ball."

"But I've been waiting all spring to make this willow whistle," John Henry answered. "I heard grandmother say one day last winter that she believed she should feel well again the minute she heard a willow whistle blow. She said the sound of a willow whistle always made her feel like getting right up and digging in the garden. And here's the whistle, but it won't give out a note. I'm going to throw it into the brook."

Inside the slender green stick the little dryad trembled. She was not afraid for herself; she knew that being thrown into the water would not hurt her; but she did not want the brave little willow destroyed, especially if its song could be of so much use.

"Oh, please don't throw your whistle away," she cried in her soft voice. "I am a dryad hidden inside it. If I can't have a little new willow tree to live in, then I shall gladly live and sing in a little new willow whistle."

Now the dryad had never sung a note in her life, but all at once she was sure that she could sing. "Try me," she begged. "Blow on the whistle and see!"

If anyone had told John Henry that a dryad was speaking to him, he would have laughed; and if anyone had told the dryad a moment before that she would suddenly be able to sing, all for the sake of a forlorn little willow and the grandmother of a boy

who wore rubber boots, she would not have believed it. But many wonderful things happen in the spring.

For some reason John Henry put the willow whistle to his lips once more and blew. Instantly the dryad began to sing. Clear and sweet the music came bubbling from the little green stem.

"Wh-ee!" said John Henry between notes. "It's the best whistle that ever was, after all! It's a regular flute! Listen to it!"

Rippling and lovely, like the birds and the brook and the wind together, the song kept coming. John Henry could hardly bear to stop. But at length he put the whistle into his pocket and ran home. When he got there he went and stood under his grandmother's bedroom window and began to play again.

"I hear a willow whistle," came grandmother's voice. "A willow whistle as sure as I live!"

From within the whistle the dryad heard the voice and was glad. It wasn't the kind of home that she would have chosen to live in,—not nearly so beautiful or so well placed as a willow tree beside flowing water,—but it had given her a chance to sing. And there she stayed all the rest of the spring and all through the summer in the garden that John Henry and his grandmother made.

## IT MAY BE TRUE

By Grace May North

Three curious things on the nursery shelves  
Sat in a corner by themselves  
And chatted together of this and that.  
Now one was the Quiggly-Quaggly Cat.  
His coat was red, his eyes were green,  
The queerest cat that ever was seen.  
His wagless tail stuck straight out back.  
His floppless ear, my dear, was black.  
His blinkless, winkless button eyes  
Gave him a look that was very wise.

"It may be true, now, even at that,"  
Mewed the hopeful-natured Quiggly Cat.



"Pooh! Pooh! True? True? Not so, say I!"  
'Twas the dog from China that made reply.  
His name was Bump-Ki-Yi-Sing-Lee.  
How queer he looked in the picture see.  
His coat was purple, the color for kings.  
His crimson blanket had sewed-on things.  
His features were only painted; so  
He shouldn't have been so proud, you know;  
But vain was Bump-Ki-Yi-Sing-Lee.  
"Boo! Woo! Pooh! Pooh! 'Tisn't true," said he.

"It may be, even for all of that,"  
Mewed the op-to-mis-tic Quiggly Cat.

Now all this time a manikin queer  
Who'd come to the shelf on Halloween, dear,  
Was standing thinking of this and that  
Not far from the ar-gu-ing dog and cat.  
His head was yellow and hollow too,  
His teeth were white and his coat was blue,  
But there was a yearning sort of smile  
On his pumpkin face just all of the while.  
But what he was yearning for no-body knew,  
Not the dog or the cat or even you.  
"I think there are fairies," at last said he.  
"I've a wish to wish if one I should see."

"It may be true, now, even at that,"  
Mewed the hopeful Quiggly-Quaggly Cat.

Near by on the shelf was a pretty vase,  
And out of a blossom there peered a face,  
For the tiniest, daintiest fairy-fay  
Had listened to all that they had to say.  
Then just as the clock chimed the midnight hour  
She stepped right out of the pretty flower.  
And the dog and the cat and the Pumpkin Boy  
Could hardly believe their eyes for joy.

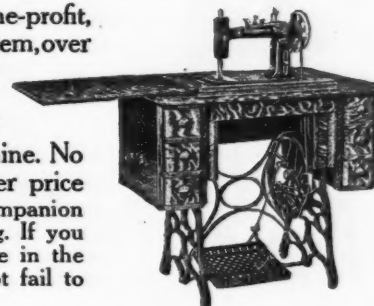
The wishes they asked were very queer.  
Cat wagged his tail and flopped his ear.  
Dog leaped to the floor and barked, "Boo woo!"

Till the frightened toys and soldiers flew.  
But the Pumpkin Boy in a trundle-bed  
Was nestled close to a Curly Head.

"It really was true, for all of that,"  
Mewed the joyous Quiggly-Quaggly Cat.

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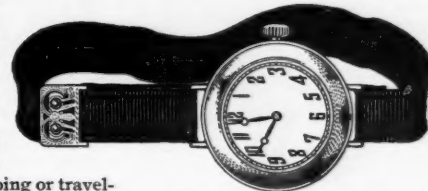
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COMPANION**  
Boston Mass.

Dear Sir, I want to turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me how.



## TO THE BRONZE DAVID

in the Piazzale Michelangelo  
overlooking Florence

By Grace Ellery Channing



O Son of Jesse, wherefore still  
Young and beautiful, strong and wise,  
Watchest thou here on thy lofty hill  
With dawnless, expectant eyes?  
Lo! Goliath is slain, and thy maidens sing  
Down the centuries David's name;  
What remains for thy shepherd's slings,  
What for thy kingly fame!

See, Angelo's battlements, round thee seared,  
Have served their day and turned to dust,  
And the master himself has at last not feared  
To sleep and forget his trust.  
Lo! Dante sleeps, the scout of his brow,  
And Galileo has left his tower,  
And the Medici's head is humble now,  
Shorn of its pride and power!

And the ashes the silver Arno bore  
To its urn in the verd antique of the sea  
Are stirred by the Prophet's soul no more  
In its priestly agony.  
Lo! all have served and have fallen on sleep  
And at thy feet in shimmering fleece,  
Like thy quiet flock of huddled sheep,  
Florence fares on in peace!

But thou, with the shepherd sling in hand  
And the shepherd look in expectant eye,  
Still on thy lofty watch dost stand  
While the centuries pass by!  
Hail to thee, Judah! Though not again  
Goliath may boast, still thy maidens sing,  
And the Florentine echo is not in vain,  
For David's Son is King!

## THE LIVERYMAN'S PRAYER

IT was a hot August afternoon when the gas-line stove in Mrs. Jones's kitchen exploded. As the Jones shack was the only house in the block, no one heard the noise; and no one saw the fire until the flames burst from the window. As the town was a new one in the remote West there was no fire company; and there was, moreover, not enough water to fight such a fire.

Mrs. Jones was terribly burned. She had managed to drag herself out of the room, and when neighbors came they carried her away from the intense heat. The doctor, who arrived a few minutes later, examined her burns, and said there was no hope for her.

"I want a minister!" pleaded the woman. "The minister's gone to the next town to preach," some one replied.

"Somebody pray for me, then!" The women shook their heads; all that they and the half dozen men gathered round could do was weep. None of them had ever prayed aloud. "Can't somebody pray for me?"

Without a word Jim Peck, the liveryman, stepped forward and knelt by her side. "O Lord," he began, "this isn't in my line. I should be prayin' for myself instead of for somebody else; but, Lord, you know how Mrs. Jones is hurt, an' how she wants somebody to pray for her. Now, Lord, if you'll help her an' save her, we'll all go to church an' learn how to pray. Amen."

"Did I do wrong, minister?" the man said to the Rev. Henry Walker on Sunday, after relating his experience.

"You did right. Your prayer was as effective as any minister's would have been. The Lord looks on the heart, not on the outward appearance. But, Mr. Peck, God has called you to be a Christian, and, as you led in prayer for Mrs. Jones when she lay dying, He wants you to pray for all your neighbors."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it! God wants you to lead this town to Christ. This tragic death is a summons for every man and woman in the town!"

"I'll have a lot of things to unlearn," answered Peck thoughtfully, "but with God's help I'll try."

The next Sunday he and four other men came forward and, kneeling before the dry-goods box that served as pulpit, received Christian baptism and the right hand of fellowship into the church. Peck was made a deacon and prays with spiritual fervor whenever there is need. The dying have sent for him in the absence of the minister, and he never refuses to help men and women to find Christ.

## A COURSE IN HUMILITY

FRANCES MAXWELL, casually glancing up as Nancy Clear entered, immediately put down her pen and prepared to give the visitor her undivided attention. The quirk at the corner of her mouth indicated that she expected to be amused. "What has happened now, Nancy?" she inquired.

Nancy tossed aside her muff and pulled off her gloves. She had always said that she could not talk with gloves on. "I knew you would observe

the change," she murmured. "You could not fail to observe the effect of anything that cut so deep."

"Same hat, exceedingly becoming, same coat, same shoes," Frances shook her head. "I give it up. Spare me, Nancy."

"They're all the same—all except me! I, arising blithely and feeling if anything happier than usual, stepped with pathetic ignorance into the most tragic day of my life. No wonder you saw that something had happened!"

"But what did happen?" Frances insisted. "Nancy, I could shake you!"

Nancy made a ball of her gloves and flung it with accurate aim and malicious intent at the telephone. It struck the mouthpiece squarely—a circumstance that seemed to give her satisfaction. "Talk about psychanalysis, that's joy compared with what I've been through today. Frances, suppose you had been told in one day that you closely resembled five of the six women whom you most dislike in this world, wouldn't you feel that you had had about as much as you could stand?"

"Not really!" Frances cried. "Why, it wouldn't be possible."

"Maybe it wouldn't—but it was!" Nancy settled herself to tell the story. "First there was Mina Grayle; I tried to escape, but a day-old chick might as well try to escape a hawk. She fell upon me and declared with fiendish joy that she always did say that Emily Wallace and I were the two most stylish girls she knew. Emily Wallace and I!"

"Poor Nancy," Frances said sympathetically. Nancy looked at her friend gloomily. "Oh, that was only the beginning. I was in Upton's, asking for Hillock's last novel, when a woman near me turned and exclaimed, 'I thought it was Georgia Bass—I never can tell your voices apart!' Frances Maxwell, is my voice molasses and treacle like Georgia Bass's?"

"Be content; it is not," Frances assured her.

Nancy drew a breath of relief. "I spare you further details. Enough that I was told that I had a nose like Mamie Sprague's, a mouth like Edna Freely's—I didn't dare ask whether the resemblance was literal or metaphorical,—and that I looked enough like Elise Morgan to be her sister. Do you wonder at my changed aspect?"

"I do not," Frances declared.

Nancy nodded. "You're waiting for the consequences—a tremendous vow, Frances, a Medea-and-Persian vow, never, never, never to tell anyone that she is in the remotest degree like anybody else unless I am perfectly sure that the resemblance will be agreeable to both persons."

Frances was thoughtful. "I'm not sure that there isn't something in that," she said.

## UNCLE JOE BLEDSOE'S RAT

STRANGE indeed is the story of Uncle Joe Bledsoe's rat, his borrowing rat, as the old gold miner called him. But the rat, borrower though he undoubtedly was, always paid his debts. Forty-seven dollars he paid the miner for his generosity and then—But perhaps Uncle Joe himself had better tell the story.

In the winter of 1881, he says, I was mining in California with a man whom we called Frying Pan Dan, an old forty-niner. He had told me of a place in Oregon that he thought was rich in pocket gold, and we were going there the following spring. But poor Dan died that winter, and I made up my mind to go alone.

When spring came I started toward the Coast Range Mountains to hunt for the exact place that Dan had told me about, and after two weeks' work I think I found it. The spot was a hunters' and miners' paradise! When I had built my cabin I prospected some in the streams and was pleased with the showing; there was gold there if you could only find it.

It was there that I first saw the borrowing rats—a species that is said to exist nowhere else. The creatures are larger than a common rat; their bodies are thinner, and their tails have a bunch of hair on the end. Oddly enough, a rat is never seen in the open without something in its mouth; it may be a stick or a pine nut or a small stone; and it drops the thing it is carrying only to pick up something else.

For a while I was careful to burn all the scraps from my table, for I didn't want any rats in my cabin. But things were looking so good with me that I became careless, and one evening, on coming home, I found that a rat had paid me a visit; some meat scraps that I had left on the table were gone, and there beside the pan lay a pine nut and a little stick. Somehow, all alone as I was out there, the incident set me to thinking. Did the rat have a sense of right and wrong? Did it think it was paying the bill for what it had taken from me? And what right had I to destroy food that might save the life of another creature?

The next morning I scraped what was left from my breakfast into a tin plate and set it on the floor near the table. And as I worked that day I was continually thinking of the rat; I couldn't get the little creature off my mind. So I quit work earlier than usual and returned to my cabin; and there—I know it sounds incredible—there beside the pan on the floor lay a little gold nugget and a pine nut!

Well, there seemed to be only one conclusion; the rat had its nest somewhere in a windfall—that is a place where one or more trees have been uprooted—and perhaps had dug into a pocket of gold.

During the next few days the rat contributed another small nugget to the mess fund. Then I

began to search for windfalls and to investigate them, but for all my pains I found no gold.

At last I hit upon a bright idea; I would follow the rat to its nest. By that time the creature had left nuggets to the value of forty-seven dollars. Well, the very first day I found the rat's home, and the next day I took from it almost two thousand dollars' worth of gold!

## REYNARD, THE FOX

THE last anecdote about foxes that we shall quote from the article in the Quarterly Review is to us at least the strangest of all. All good editors are born in the country—at least all the editors of The Companion were—and know, though alas! with a fading memory, all the pleasant country sights and sounds; but until lately we had never heard that a fox had a scream like a horse in agony. Hearing it must be a rare experience. Our English writer describes it vividly. Here is the passage:

Most noteworthy and rarest of all a fox's vocal outpourings is the harsh, shuddering scream that perhaps once in a lifetime startles the summer camper or the trapper on his midnight round. The cry, if like anything at all, most closely resembles the indescribable haunting shriek of a horse in agony and is beyond question the most unearthly wild sound ever heard upon our British hills. Its object remains a complete mystery. It is sometimes perhaps the plaint of a bereaved parent, but that cannot always be the case, for I have heard it given again and again by a vixen whose litter certainly had not been tampered with. That it is an expression of distress of some sort no one who has heard it at close quarters is likely to doubt.

I remember well a bad scare that two workmen who had been engaged to gather flint on a desolate tract of country near Axminster once experienced. They had made camp the first day in a lonely glade that—some mischievous cronies had taken care to tell them—had a reputation for ghosts. Like many of their type the men were extremely superstitious; besides, they were new to the moors and unaccustomed to camping out. As night drew on the loneliness of their surroundings, the moaning of the larches, the weird crying of night birds and above all the tales that they had heard worked them up to such a pitch that they were ready for anything. An entertainment of the most sensational sort was in store for them. About midnight they were aroused from their first uneasy slumbers by a succession of screams so bloodcurdling, they were convinced, to proceed from any earthly throat. The dreadful sounds continued off and on throughout the rest of the night while the men lay there shivering with terror. When at last daylight brought relief they instantly struck camp and abandoned the ill-omened spot, work, contract and all.

It seems there were fox cubs near by, and the ghastly cries must have been the protests of the mother vixen, who quite misunderstood the character of the strangers. But the men maintain to this day that the sounds were supernatural; they see no humor in their experience.

## A RESTLESS BEDFELLOW

OLD Sam Jeffries, a contributor tells us, lived on the eastern shore of Virginia with his son, a big overgrown boy, and an old white hound for companions. Sam was six feet two inches and a half tall in his bare feet and was rawboned and lanky. The dog—his name was Samson—was likewise rawboned and lanky. Being short-haired and well on in years, Samson felt the cold, and as winter came on he formed a liking for his master's bed—a

## REPRIEVED



Farmer (to farm hand)—Did Sam send you those sausages, Jarge?  
Jarge—No, zur, the pig got all right again.  
—George Belcher in the Tatler.

fondness to which old Sam objected on account of the dog's habit of loud snoring.

So Samson had to resort to his native cunning. He would lie quietly behind the kitchen stove until Sam was in bed snoring; then he would creep stealthily into the bedroom and, thrusting his long nose under the bedclothes, would find the right place and creep in beside old Sam, and the two would sleep until morning, when the man always pretended to be astonished to find the dog there.

In those days deer frequently came out of the deep woods to look for food round the barns and outbuildings, and smaller wild animals left tracks in the snow all about the house nearly every night. One bitterly cold night when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero and was still dropping old Sam and the hound were peacefully snoring together when there was a noise outside as if an animal had stumbled against something. Samson was wide awake instantly and let out a smothered medley of yelps and barks as he sprang from the bed, taking all the coverings with him to the floor, where he floundered about trying in vain to free himself from their clinging folds.

Old Sam was always free with speech, and now, as the fire was out and the icy air was sweeping over him, he let loose a whole volley of oburgations. Springing out of bed, he began groping about the floor in search of his blankets until the dog's muffled baying helped him to find them; snatching them up, he aimed a vicious kick at the hound but missed in the darkness.

"Blas't you, you old rhi-noceros!" he shouted. "The next time you feel like serenadin' the moon leave the roof on, will you?" That time his foot didn't miss,—a fact that occasioned his flinging forth more invective while he nursed his bare toes,—for Samson's ribs were about as soft as a stone wall.

"Gimme anythin', anythin' at all but an old idgit of a houn' dawg!" he muttered between chattering teeth as he fumbled in the darkness for the matches. "He'll sleep in the barn after this!"

But he didn't, for old Sam relented, though he did take the precaution of fastening the bedclothes to the mattress with two enormous safety pins.

## THE DELECTABLE AND DANGEROUS DURIAN

MOST of us who have heard of that extraordinary tropical fruit, the durian, have heard also of its two notable characteristics, a horrible odor and a delicious taste. Mr. Charles Mayer in the course of one of his fascinating animal stories in Asia expatiates upon those traits and has much else to tell of the fruit besides that is no less interesting. To begin with:

"A cartload of durians can be smelled long before it comes into sight. To Western nostrils the odor is peculiarly disgusting. I was so repelled by it that I had been in the Malay Peninsula eight years before I ate a single fruit. The first time I tried it I did so gingerly, holding my nose. A group of natives gathered round me, eager to have me like the supreme delicacy and laughing at my grimaces. The first taste left me in doubt; the second convinced me that it might be good, and the third proved that it was good! The fruit is creamlike in substance. If the meat of a banana were squashed and mixed with an equal quantity of rich cream, a small quantity of chocolate and enough garlic to lend a strong taste to the whole, the result would be about the nearest possible approach to the flavor and consistency of the durian. At the same time the flavor is extremely delicate and of course indescribably rich. Writing of it now fills me with a longing to eat a durian this minute!"

The durian tree grows from sixty to seventy feet high, and the fruit, which is about the size of a pineapple and covered with sharp spikes, is not usually gathered, since it falls when ripe. But a falling durian inflicts terrible wounds, and the ripened harvest must be gathered with a cautious eye upward for any matured fruit remaining on the tree. In the height of the season both men and animals become almost crazily eager for durians; the fruit is sought in its jungle habitat alike by natives and by such different animals as the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tapir, the wild pig, the buffalo, the deer, the tiger, the bear, the leopard and the monkey.

Occasionally, when a native wishes to anticipate the natural fall of the fruit, he employs a trained monkey to gather it. "That the monkey on the end of a long string held by his master could be induced to climb a designated tree," says Mr. Mayer, "was quite in the nature of things, but I doubted his ability to select a particular fruit. The monkey, however, lightly laid his paw on the first spiked durian within reach and looked down anxiously. But that was not the one his master wanted. There was a sharp tug at the string, and shouts of 'Tidak, tidak!' (No, no!) The monkey tried another and then another. At last he hit on the right one, and his master cried, 'Ya!' So far, so good, but the fruit was still on the tree. Wary of its spikes, the monkey twisted it round and round. At times he was forced to stop and with a quick movement of his little handlike paws brush the small ants from his face and eyes. When he had weakened the stem he severed it with his teeth. As it fell his face peering between the branches was a study. In it there were a little fear, lively expectancy, and then great satisfaction as his master called out words of approval."

Quarrels and feuds over the possession of



durian trees are of common occurrence, and desperate fights occur with the recurring seasons. "Sometimes, when a tree has been found near a border line, entire villages have been wiped out in the struggle to possess it."

### BARBERIES AND WHEAT

SOME time ago The Companion referred to the discovery that the wild barberry is the host of a disease that seriously damages growing wheat. A contributor writes to us that as early as colonial times the farmers of Rhode Island had learned by experience the danger of letting barberry bushes grow too near wheat, though they did not know the scientific reason. In 1766 the Rhode Island Legislature voted:

"Whereas Experience sheweth, That Barberry Bushes have a very great Tendency to blast English Grain:

"Be it therefore Enacted by this General Assembly, and by the Authority of the same, It is Enacted, That where any Person in the Town of Middletown, hath any Barberry Bushes growing in his or her Field or Inclosure, and shall be applied to by any Freeholder, in said Town, to destroy them, and the Person so applied to shall refuse or neglect, for the Space of One Month, to cut up and destroy them; that then, and in such Case, it shall and may be lawful for the Person so applying to make Application to One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, who is hereby empowered to grant forth his Warrant to impress Labourers to cut and destroy all the Barberry Bushes there growing (for the destroying of which, Application hath been made as aforesaid) at the Cost and Charge of the Complainant or Complainants, and not at the expense of the Owner of the Land, committing as little Waste, and doing as little Damage to the Owner of the Land, as the Case will admit of."

It is interesting to see that the freeholder could calmly ignore the request of any of his neighbors to cut down the barberry bushes, and that, if a neighbor didn't like it, he could, after the necessary legal formality, go in and cut them down himself. Evidently the law proved ineffective, for in 1772 the General Assembly passed an act "with teeth in it": Thus:

"Whereas it is found by Experience that Barberry Bushes are very destructive to English Grain:

"Be it therefore Enacted . . . That if any Freeholder in this Colony shall apply to any Person having Barberry Bushes growing in his Field or Inclosure to destroy them, and the Owner of the Land shall neglect or refuse to cut them annually, or otherwise destroy them, he shall pay, as a Fine, the Sum of Ten Pounds, lawful Money, One Half to and for the Use of the Town in which the Barberry Bushes grow, and the other Half to the Informer, to be recovered by Information before the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, where the Land lies."

This act remained in force for many years and appears in the Rhode Island Digest of 1798, though it cannot be found in the compiled statutes of a later date. It would be interesting to know whether the struggle against the barberry proved too difficult or whether the interest in the whole matter waned when wheat growing was generally abandoned in favor of shipping and manufacturing.

### MARIE ANTOINETTE'S KISS

MARIE ANTOINETTE, pitiable woman that she was in life and especially in her death under the knife of the guillotine, is the object of many interesting stories. A contributor whose ancestors were French royalists found some time ago among her family heirlooms a notebook, or diary, containing this touching incident illustrative of the young queen's impulsiveness and sympathy.

In some things Marie Antoinette, so runs the record, is but a thoughtless young girl, although she can assume the queenly dignity befitting her station when she so desires. If the king were less indulgent of her pranks, there would be a sorry time in the royal household. One day in a spirit of mischief she made a wager with the ladies of her entourage that she could make the Swiss guard who was stationed at the door smile. The Swiss guards are dressed in magnificent uniforms. They stand as erect and immovable as statues, well knowing the punishment for the least change of attitude.

In one of her gayest moods the beautiful young queen came down the magnificent hall, most royally attired and chatting gayly with her companions. When the party came near the door the queen hesitated a moment, glanced at her maids and then, deliberately plucking a rose from her corsage, stepped quickly to the immobile sentry and lightly dropped it on the hand gripping his musket. He saw the act but gave no sign of appreciating the honor that many a gallant cavalier would have risked his life for.

A bright flush suffused the countenance of the queen as she realized that she was in danger of losing her wager, and, instantly poisoning herself on the tips of her bejeweled white satin slippers, she reached up and with inimitable grace modestly kissed the cheek of the giant guard! Even then he made no salute to majesty, but his eyes slowly filled with tears. In spite of her frivolity the queen had a good heart and, touched by the apparent confusion of the sentry, she murmured a few friendly words, and the party passed on.

Gossip soon brought the incident to the notice of the king, and he caused the guard to be

brought into the royal presence. The poor fellow was greatly alarmed, but on being assured that no harm would come to him he said that he had been long separated from his wife whom he adored, and that the beautiful queen so strongly reminded him of her that he could not control his emotion.

The king gave the guard a present of money, and dismissed him with a promise that he should immediately have leave of absence. Thus the prank ended happily, but the queen lost her wager, the character of which is not recorded.

### SPORTSMEN, BEAT THIS!

I HAVE just read in The Youth's Companion, writes a correspondent, the story of the dog that tracked the turkey back to the nest where it had been hatched. The yarn recalls to my mind a hunting story that an old man of the Ozarks told me a few years ago.

Seventeen miles out from the little village of X—, in Missouri, lived an old bachelor named Bill Green, who made his living by hunting and trapping. In those days the hills abounded in wild turkeys and deer and he often served as guide to hunting parties and to fishermen.

The season had opened, and a party of sportsmen from Kansas City had secured old Bill's services. In the party was a young fellow who evidently had had some experience in shooting deer, but whose stories of his achievements were exaggerated and long; the other members of the party were tired of his boasting. They were astonished therefore when old Bill, who by nature was taciturn, said to the young fellow:

"Say now, that reminds me of the other mornin'. I got up just 'fore day and went down to the deer lick as I allus do, and there in the bright moonlight stood a great big buck. I raised my gun and was ready to fire when I noticed on the limb just above nine turkeys roostin' in a row. At first I was puzzled which to shoot at, the turkeys or the deer. Then all at once I thought of a plan. I crept a little nearer and aimed at the limb where the turkeys sot. I fired away, and at the same instant I threw my gun and knocked down the buck; in a second I run up and knifed him. Then I looked above where I had shot and split the limb, which held every one of them turkeys by the toes. Well, sir, I took down the turkeys, tied them together and hung them round my neck; then I threw the buck over my shoulder and started for home, well satisfied even if I'd got no more game that morning. But, sir, as I was wadin' the creek the fish smelled the blood on my clothes and jest run up my breeches legs; and those breeches, bein' full big, got so heavy I could hardly walk. And when I tried to step out on the bank the top button busted off and killed a rabbit ten steps away!"

Needless to remark, the young sportsman was silent for the rest of the day.

### A FEW STITCHES

"STITCH! Stitch! Stitch!" wrote Thomas Hood in the Song of the Shirt. Can the woman in his poem have worked harder than the one who with her bright needle took more than twenty thousand stitches in a "plain" shirt for her grandfather? Hone's Every Day Book, a very old volume, gives this itemized account of her work:

Stitching the collar, four rows . . .	3,000 stitches
Sewing the ends . . .	500 "
Buttonholes and sewing on buttons . . .	150 "
Setting on collar and gathering neck . . .	1,200 "
Stitching wristbands . . .	1,228 "
Sewing the ends . . .	88 "
Buttonholes . . .	148 "
Hemming skirts . . .	384 "
Gathering sleeves . . .	840 "
Sewing on wristbands . . .	1,488 "
Stitching shoulder straps . . .	1,500 "
Hemming the neck . . .	300 "
Sewing the sleeves . . .	2,504 "
Setting in sleeves and gussets . . .	3,000 "
Taping the sleeves . . .	1,528 "
Sewing the seams . . .	848 "
Setting side gussets . . .	424 "
Hemming the bottom . . .	1,194 "
Total . . .	20,446 stitches

### PERFECT AT LAST!

AS Margerie's school reports, says the Boston Transcript, weren't entirely satisfactory, her father said to her, "The first time that you come home with a hundred in anything I'll give you a dollar."

Time went by, and still Margerie could not claim the reward. Then one day the child was taken ill. When the doctor had gone she asked, "Mamma, am I very sick?"

"No, dear; your temperature is a hundred, but the doctor thinks you'll be better tomorrow." Margerie's face lighted up. "Then, mamma, I can have my dollar, can't I? Papa said he'd give it to me if I got a hundred in anything."

### CALISTHENICS AND HOUSEWORK

"PHYSICAL culture is awfully interesting!" cried the eager girl who had just come back from boarding school for a vacation. "Look, papa, to develop the arms I grasp this rod in this way and then move it slowly from right to left. Do you see?"

"Wonderful!" replied her father in admiration. "What extraordinary things teachers have discovered! If you had a bundle of straw at the end of that rod you'd be sweeping."



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## STAMPS TO STICK

HE is indeed a dyed-in-the-wool collector who undertakes to interpret the foreign news in terms of philately. Thus the news a few months ago that insurgent Lithuanian forces had occupied Memel prompted collectors to predict the coming of occupation stamps. When they did indeed appear there were many pleased prophets. So it is interesting to turn back five years to The Companion for February 14, 1918, and read what a writer on stamp collecting predicted in an article headed President Wilson's Peace Aims and the Stamps of the Future.

The article predicted that innumerable stamps would appear as a result of certain of Mr. Wilson's "fourteen points." He had said in his address that certain nationalities under Turkish rule should be assured of "an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development." The Companion article said: "If that is interpreted correctly to apply to Arabia, Armenia, Mesopotamia and Jerusalem among others, the numerous issues that will appear after German militarism shall have been crushed are obvious."

In 1920, two years later, the Arabian government issued more than 90 varieties that are now sub-listed under Syria in the standard catalogue. In 1920, 1921 and 1922 Armenia put out more than 275 different stamps. Mesopotamia began issuing in 1918 and has thus far issued more than 70 varieties, including those of Irak and Mosul, and Palestine has printed more than 60 varieties under the supervision of British military and civil administrations.

Regarding the former German colonies that the Entente authorities had seized, The Companion article said in part: "If the present conquerors retain those colonies, the former German stamps, the plates of which exist today in Berlin, will be retired, and the provisional occupation issues of today will give way to permanent sets authorized by the various mother countries that will take the place of Germany."

Today what was once German East Africa is known as Tanganyika, and in 1922 a permanent series appeared that displaced provisionals bearing the overprint *G. E. A. Samoa*, under the control of New Zealand, got a distinctive set in 1921. The postal officials of the Union of South Africa, as mentioned below, are putting into circulation in what was German Southwest Africa a series of overprinted stamps for provisional use. The possessions that were once German New Guinea are now known as the Territory of New Guinea, for which a definitive set is expected soon. There have also been other philatelic changes affecting former German colonies.

The Companion article of five years ago said also: "If Russia should decide to recognize Lithuania, Kurland, the Ukraine, Siberia, Finland and other divisions as wholly or partly independent, other issues would of course be printed. . . . If, as the President demands, there is created 'an independent Polish state,' Poland will be restored to a place among the stamp-issuing governments of the world."

Lithuania, the Ukraine, Siberia, Finland and Poland have together produced nearly 800 varieties since those words were written.

Those newspaper readers who do not class themselves among collectors did not study Mr. Wilson's "fourteen points" in relation to the hobby, but the stamp collector undoubtedly did, and the collector of today who will try to read the cabled dispatches that he finds daily in the newspapers in the light of their possible relation to his hobby will enjoy them the more.

THE 1923 edition of *Who's Who in Philately*, published in England, has appeared. Among the 1920 persons listed, representing virtually all countries, there are 255 Americans. They include former United States Senator J. S. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey; Representative E. R. Ackerman of New Jersey; Gen. H. H. Bandholtz, U. S. A.; Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, former president of the American Forestry Association; Lady Geddes, an American woman who married the present British ambassador to the United States; Mrs. W. Irving Glover, wife of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General; Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the late Mrs. Hetty Green; Mr. Arthur Hind, a Utica manufacturer who purchased rarities from the famous Ferrari collection sold at auction some months ago in Paris; Mr. Joseph A. Steinmetz, engineer and inventor; Mr. Julian Park, professor of history at the University of Buffalo; Mr. L. R. Lounsbury, state law librarian at Olympia, Washington, and others, including physicians, legislators, army officers and men in other walks of life. Incidentally the editor of *Stamps to Stick* is among those thus honored.

It is interesting to read that King George V has a collection confined to the postal issues of Great Britain and the British Dominions, and that the Prince of Wales is a general collector. Queen Elena of Italy is interested particularly in the stamps of that kingdom, and the Crown Prince Humbert is a collector. The Crown Prince

of Sweden has a predilection for the early issues of European countries. King Alfonso of Spain specializes in the stamps of Spain, Spanish colonies, France and Portugal. King Fuad of Egypt has specialized collections of the stamps of Egypt, Sudan, Hejaz, Palestine, Greece, Serbia, Roumania, Austria and Argentina. Prince Hiro-yasu, vice admiral of the Japanese navy, has a general collection that contains 12,000 varieties and specialized collections of Japanese and British Empire issues. Manoel, former King of Portugal, has a collection of the stamps of Portugal, the Portuguese colonies and Brazil. Other royal collectors include King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia and King Albert, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Leopold of Belgium.

THE pictorial series of Jamaica, which has been several years in the making, has at last been completed by the issue of the 6-penny value, blue and black, showing old sailing ships in port. The inscription on the stamp reads, "Town and Harbour of Port Royal (about 1850)."

There is an interesting story to explain why the 6-penny value has not reached the public earlier. Back in 1921 a 6-penny was prepared with a vignette illustrating the abolition of slavery. A stock of the stamps was forwarded to Jamaica from London, where they had been printed, but they were never placed in circulation because the colonial officials thought that the design would be objectionable to the colored population. So the stamps were sent back to London and destroyed, and engravers began work on the plate from which the new stamp was printed.

Of this pictorial set the next to the last to appear was the 1-penny in revised form. The design shows an Arawak making cassava. As originally issued several years ago, the stamp did not carry the words "postage" and "revenue," both of which had been placed on Jamaica stamps for about thirty years, and which are on all the other denominations of the new pictorial series. Thus the 1-penny without the two words may be said to constitute a philatelic error, for the revised stamp, now put into use, includes them in its inscription. No more copies of the earlier 1-penny will be printed.

COMMEMORATING the transatlantic flight of Portuguese aviators from Portugal to Brazil in March, 1922, Portugal issued in March a special series that was on sale for three days only, comprising these values: 1 centavo, chocolate; 2 centavos, orange; 3 centavos, ultramarine; 4 centavos, deep green; 5 centavos, sepia; 10 centavos, red-brown; 15 centavos, black; 20 centavos, green; 25 centavos, dark rose; 30 centavos, terra cotta; 40 centavos, chocolate; 75 centavos, magenta; 1 escudo, blue; and 2 escudos, dark olive green. Several of the values mentioned are newcomers, evidently the result of changes in postal rates. The designs include portraits of the aviators and of the presidents of Portugal and Brazil, an aeroplane and a fifteenth-century vessel of the type in which Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, Portuguese navigator, sailed to Brazil in 1500, after he had set out from Portugal in a westerly direction on a supposed voyage to India. Thus the new series records that both by sea and by air Portuguese adventurers traveled from Europe to Brazil.

WHEN the government of the Union of South Africa took over the administration of the territory that before the Great War was German Southwest Africa, it was anticipated that special stamps would appear. They have now been issued. The ½-penny, 1-penny, 2-penny, 3-penny, 4-penny, 6-penny, and 1-shilling, 1-shilling 3-penny, 2-shilling 6-penny, 5-shilling, 10-shilling and 1-pound denominations have been overprinted to provide stamps for provisional use until a definite series can be printed. Curiously enough, the first row in every sheet carries the surcharge *South-West Africa* and the next row the surcharge *Zuid-West Afrika*, but so arranged that it is impossible to obtain a horizontal pair with both stamps bearing the same text.

Overprints have also been placed on the 6-penny and 1-shilling and 5-shilling "postage dues" of the Transvaal and on some of the lower values of the "postage dues" of the Union of South Africa.

BELGIUM has turned from London and given to New York the printing of the new series that has been put into circulation in the Belgian Congo. The new issue, made by an American bank-note company, shows three designs—the profile head of a native girl facing to the left, the same head facing to the right, and a native engaged in weaving a basket. On each stamp the

name of the colony is inscribed both in French and in Flemish. The 10-centime green, 15-centime sepia and 25-centime purple-brown were the first three denominations to appear.

Meanwhile Belgium is planning to issue at home a new parcel-post series with values ranging from 5 centimes to 2.40 francs, together with another charity stamp, of 20 centimes, showing a wounded soldier on crutches. The design is by Raemaekers, the famous cartoonist of the Great War.

KOWEIT enters the family of governments that issue stamps. Koweit, sometimes called Grane, is a town in what was formerly Asiatic Turkey situated at the head of the Persian Gulf. Its excellent harbor makes it an important port of entry for merchandise and foodstuffs. Although the Sheik of Koweit owed a nominal allegiance to the ruler of Turkey, he made a political agreement with the British, and during the Great War a British-Indian post office was established there. Subsequently Koweit was understood to have been transferred to the administration of Irak, and presumably the stamps of the Irak issue of Mesopotamia have until recently been in use there. But now, according to a philatelic magazine published in India, current stamps of India have been overprinted *Koweit*. They are probably provisional stamps only and will give way to a definitive series bearing a portrait of the Sheik of Koweit.

LATVIA, having introduced the gold standard of currency, is altering its stamps so that the values will appear in centimes and lats. A lat, derived from "Latvia," is equivalent to 50 Latvian rubles, paper money. A lat contains 100 centimes. Thus the first Latvian stamp to be converted into terms of the new currency is the 10-ruble value, the new denomination of which is 20 centimes. The 1 ruble will become 2 centimes, the 2 rubles will become 4 centimes, the 3 rubles will become 6 centimes, and so on. It is probable that a 1-centime value will be issued, equivalent to the 50-kopeika (kopce) denomination of the series which is being retired.

"PHILATELISTS will not long countenance such conservatism!" recently exclaimed an American philatelic journal in alluding to the fact that Poland had issued a 200-mark value, whereas the mark values of Germany had ascended as high as 1000 and 2000, and denominations of 3000 and 5000 and 10,000 marks were predicted. Now it appears that the American writer's facetiousness was not without point, for Poland has issued stamps in value of 300 marks, green; 400 marks, brown, and 500 marks, purple. It may be the result of changes in postal rates or of the depreciation of the mark, or perhaps of both.

THE landing of pioneer settlers from the United States on the shores of Liberia in 1822 has been commemorated this year with a centenary series of five Liberian stamps that have a sailing ship lying off the coast as the common design. The inscriptions include "Liberian Centennial" and "1822 Pioneer Landing 1922," and the design shows also the Liberian national emblem, the star of hope. There are five values—1 cent, blue and black; 2 cents, carmine and brown; 5 cents, olive and blue; 10 cents, green and violet; and \$1, rose and brown.

THE "numeral" type of German stamps—that is, the type that has a large central numeral indicating the value of the stamp—is appearing in a slightly new design. As heretofore, the numeral appears prominently in the center, but the lettering of "*Deutsches Reich*" and the value as expressed in words are entirely different. The 100-mark maroon is the first denomination to appear in the new design. Meanwhile a 10-mark pale lilac and a 25-mark brown-and-yellow stamp have been added to the current aeroplane series.

A GREAT number of provisional stamps have come from various French colonies—Guiana, Upper Volta, French India, Martinique, New Caledonia, Senegal, Somali Coast and Wallis and Futuna Islands. In each series the current 15-centime values have been overprinted with a new denomination in black, blue, green or red. Twenty-six varieties have been thus produced. They will remain in circulation until new stamps of the values provided by the surcharging can be issued.

THE Angora government in Turkey has issued a new stamp—and possibly an entire series—with a design that shows a soldier holding a rifle with a fixed bayonet. The Turkish inscription reads:

"Independence is the right of my nation. My nation worships the truth, and my flag is the flag of the free."

TO refer again to the Palestine "interim series" described in The Companion of January 23, it appears that the current stamps of that country have been overprinted in violet with the inscription *Hekomet Shark el Arabi*, in two lines. The text means "Arab government of the East," and the stamps are for use in Kerak, or Transjordan, "the land beyond the Jordan."

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### CARE OF THE SCALP

**A**MONG the minor ills—those, namely, which do not threaten life or impair physical efficiency—there is perhaps none that occasions more distress than the various troubles that affect the hair of the head. "A woman's glory is her hair," and man's would be his if he could only keep it! In most cases he could keep it if he would only begin to care for it soon enough, but good hair is like good health; we seldom appreciate it or think of means for preserving it until it begins to depart, and then it is often too late.

Many of the troubles with our hair—lack of lustre, brittleness, dandruff, thinning or actual baldness—come primarily from lack of nutrition. The skin of the scalp, unlike the skin of the rest of the body, is stretched over a bony surface, so that its blood supply must be brought from a distance and is almost completely shut off by pressure against the skull such as that made by the rim of a man's straw hat or his derby. The stiff hat, by the way, is undoubtedly the main reason that so many more men than women grow bald. The few instances of baldness in women can usually be explained by lack of care or by neglect of some disease of the scalp.

The great thing in caring for the scalp is to maintain a good supply of blood for nourishing the hair bulbs. Massage—that is, vigorous rubbing night and morning combined with pinching the scalp between thumb and forefinger—will help greatly. If that is done faithfully from early life, a man may, if he avoids the stiff hat, not only preserve his hair but also retard or prevent its becoming gray.

Shampooing the healthy scalp beyond what is necessary for cleanliness—once every week or fortnight—is harmful. There is nothing better for the shampoo than tincture of green soap. After the washing, the hair should be thoroughly rinsed in cool or cold water, and then a very little yellow vaseline or a mixture of vaseline and lanolin should be rubbed into the roots. When the scalp has been neglected the hair may become dry and lack lustre. For that condition a pomade of equal parts of citrine ointment, yellow vaseline and lanolin is useful. A little of the mixture well rubbed into the roots at night once a week or so and washed out with a shampoo of tincture of green soap in the morning will often bring back the natural beauty of the hair.

### THE NEW WORD

**B**EATRICE, stopping at her chum's house on the way back from a shopping trip to the city, plumped herself into the nearest chair, flung her bag toward the sofa, which it missed, and declared with emphasis: "Never again will I invite any girl to spend a week with me until I've known her intimately for ten years!"

Celia gathered the fallen bag and the spilled purse and parcels from the floor and was still pursuing an elusive quarter behind the radiator as she inquired with mild interest: "Why?"

"Because," said Beatrice, "I've learned a lesson from that horrid, horrid Cynthia Murdock. Oh, I know, and you needn't look at me like that. She is horrid! I don't care how charming she is, she's horrid!"

"Again why?" asked Celia. "I thought she was lovely, and so did all the girls. I supposed her visit was a grand success."

"So did I," admitted Beatrice ruefully. "But it seems it wasn't; and I tried so hard, and she seemed so pleased and thanked me so effusively for the heavenly time I'd given her! But on the way up in the train this morning I sat behind two attractive-looking girls whose talk I couldn't help overhearing. Almost at first I found out that they came from Cynthia's town and, presently, that they knew her intimately. Then before I half realized what was happening one of them began telling the other about the visit the poor girl had been making to somebody she'd met last summer traveling and had taken one of her fancies to and of what a terrible time she'd had. It seemed her hostess had done everything just wrong. She'd taken Cynthia out sailing, and Cynthia hates picnics and is always seasick—the kind of seasickness that leaves her dizzy and upset for days. Then there were dogs in the family, and Cynthia is afraid of dogs, and they were underfoot the whole time along with a

couple of unlicked cubs of small boys who nearly drove her wild. That's Bobby and Billy, you understand, and she called them darling cherubs to me! And she wasn't comfortable at night, her bed was so hard; she's used to a feather bed. And there was no screen in her room, and she faced the morning light. And there was no shower in the bathroom, and—oh, everything!"

"I don't wonder you call her horrid," said Celia with sympathetic indignation. "Rewarding your hospitality with a string of mean little fussy complaints!"

"I shouldn't mind so much if she hadn't pretended all the time she was so pleased," lamented Beatrice. "It was all so unnecessary, her being miserable. I could have had a tea instead of a picnic if she'd given me the least inkling of how she felt; I could have kept the dogs out and the children quieter,—she said she enjoyed their lively ways, so of course I didn't try,—and she could have had a screen and her pesky old feather bed; and, though we haven't a shower bath, I'd have got daddy to put one in if she'd only given me notice enough!"

Celia burst out laughing, and in a moment Beatrice, relieved by her outburst, joined her. "I suppose she thought that all the time she was pretending she was being beautifully polite," she conceded. "But I don't think she was really. She was—I know what she was! The English language needs a new word, and I've invented it. She was mispolite!"

### JAFTA'S SILK HAT

**W**HAT the crown is to the King of England an old silk hat was to Jafta, deposed sovereign of the Mapors, but a stickler for pomp and ceremony, nevertheless. A Boer landholder, the father of Mr. Owen Rowe O'Neil, author of *Adventures in Swaziland*, had given him the hat, and Jafta certainly treasured it. One of the greatest honors that he could confer was to make one of his officers "guardian of the hat"—in the brief intervals when he himself was not wearing it.

The ceremonies attending Jafta's visits to the O'Neil farm were always about the same. His courier would come ahead to announce his arrival, and Mr. O'Neil would send word that he was pleased to see him, and that his party should approach. Then Jafta, entirely naked except for the old silk hat, would stride into the garden and when the farmer came out of the house would make an oration. Mr. O'Neil would listen most respectfully and then would reply, always addressing the deposed king as "Nkoos," which has the same meaning to the Kafirs as "Your Majesty the King" has to the Britisher.

Jafta was pleased with the respect for his royalty and, remembering it, gave the O'Neils valuable assistance during the Boer War.

### ONE BIRD LESS ON THE FARM

**T**HE housewife endures much, but somewhere there is a limit to what she will "put up with." Former Governor Fletcher of Vermont tells this amusing story of one housewife who reached the limit of her patience:

A middle-aged couple from one of the back counties visited Montpelier one day, and while they were walking down the main street looking at the sights a cuckoo clock in the window of a jewelry store attracted their attention. The clock was striking, and as the cuckoo came out and chirped the hour they looked on in wonder.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the farmer's wife as the bird retired within the clock. "That is the beatnest thing! Never before in all my life did I see anything like that!"

"Nor me, neither, Maria," responded her husband, "an' sence we need a new clock at home, what do you say if we just buy this one?"

"We won't do anything of the kind, Hezekiah!" the woman replied emphatically. "Don't ye s'pose I've got enough chickens an' ducks an' geese an' turkeys and other things to look after now without feedin' a pesky bird?"

### A HELPFUL CHILD

**T**HE hiding and finding of eggs at the Easter season had much impressed little Evelyn. One day a week later, says Harper's Magazine, she was in the garden watching John, the negro hired man, at work planting beans. On he went across the garden, dropping the seeds and carefully raking the earth over them. The little girl followed at his heels. At the end of the row the old negro straightened up to rest his back. Evelyn triumphantly held out two little hands and said excitedly:

"Look, John, I found every bean you hid!"

### THE ANSWER WAS IN THE AFFIRMATIVE

**T**HE recent death of the Siamese twins, Josefa and Rosa Blazek, reminds the Argonaut of a story about the original Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, who were joined together at the hips.

It is said that when the absent-minded Duke of St. Albans went to see them in London he bent a distrustful look upon them for a few seconds and then perfunctorily asked the attendant, who stood by, "Are they brothers?"

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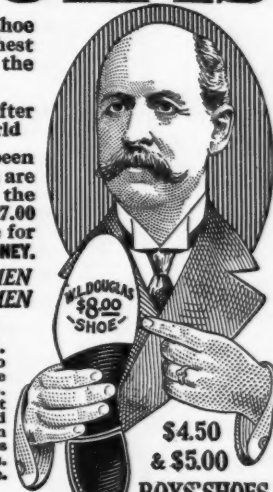
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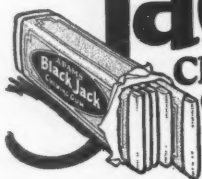


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## MEN OR DEER?

IN England under the severe taxation following the Great War estate after estate is passing from the hands of the hereditary owners. Some are merely sold to wealthier persons, but many are broken up or from properties productive for generations chiefly of beauty are turned into farms and made to earn their keep. No doubt that is well, though we can but sympathize with the hard-pressed owners of many lovely domains who in the past have shared with the public the loveliness of their lands. Some forty years ago when under the new Crofters' Act many of the great estates of Scotland were divided—and the oppression of the tenants on others was compulsorily lessened—there was little reason indeed to sympathize with the hereditary landlords.

Lord Shaw of Dunfermline has recently related that he was called to the defense of some prisoners, crofters under the leadership of a village schoolmaster, who had been arraigned for their part in a deer raid. It was not a poacher's raid but a protest, a lawless and unwise one perhaps, but the crown authorities overshot the mark when they called it "mobbing and rioting."

"The loneliness of the spot," says the narrator, "the total absence of any terror or alarm to anyone except the deer or the hawk or the curlew, made a charge of mobbing and rioting ridiculous. The advantage of it, however, from the point of view of the administration was that it could be followed by such swingeing sentences, even that of penal servitude, as might stamp out land agitation for a generation."

The defense did not try to prove its clients innocent of offense but that their offense was merely under an old statute—"assembling and trespassing to the number of five or more in pursuit of game," penalty five pounds each. The climax of the trial came dramatically when Lord Shaw argued the impossibility of the mobbing and rioting charge in such a region.

"What a picture!" he exclaimed. "No less than one hundred and fifty square miles of forest under deer! The people lifted from the good inland holdings to the wastes near the shore, and the whole inland consolidated—turned into one vast solitude—for sport! Then I quoted amid dead silence Tennyson's lines on pagan England:

"And so there grew great tracts of wilderness  
Wherein the beast was ever more and more  
But man was less and less!"

"There was an uproar in the court (in which I think I saw the jury joining with their feet!), a tumult that the court and the ushers peremptorily suppressed. But the jury's mind was clear. All six prisoners were found not guilty and went free amid acclamations."

So much did the trial mean to the people that thirty years afterwards a Scotch boatman said solemnly to Lord Shaw's son: "Sir, there is many a man in Scotland would die for your father."

## SCOTCH GARDENERS

AN American lady, the fortunate owner of a large and very beautiful country estate, employs a Scotch gardener who is at once her dependence, her delight and her despair. He achieves horticultural triumphs in which she proudly shares; but there are times when she feels that she roams her own garden on sufferance. He permits no liberties.

"I think I'll have a garden party and have the garden illuminated," she said to him last season, "but the illuminations shan't be staring or brilliant; they'll be just lines of tiny, subdued small lights like glowworms outlining the paths and bringing out special groups of flowers here and there. All the big, bright lights shall be kept round the house and verandas; the garden shall be a sort of vague fairyland, a twinkly twilight, a mysterious region of glimmering loveliness and perfume—"

"I canna allow it, ma'am," interrupted Sandy decisively. "There maun be naething vague wi' young folk flittering and fighting about, tae busy wi' each other tae be any too careful where they set their feet and swish their furbelows. There was a ledly I worked for once had a notion for a moonlight visit to the rose garden wi' a pairty o' friends, and some fule trippit over a toad an' fell into a rosebush and squealed, and startled another fule or two that blundered into some more; and the upshot was I lost the medal at the exhibition that was as gude as mine, if they hadna ruined me, snapping and cracking and shattering like a herd o' wild cattle. 'Never again, Sandy McNab,' said I."

"But it won't be at all the same thing," began the lady ingratiatingly. "I shouldn't think of depending on the moon—"

"And I'd not think of depending on aught but the sun," said Sandy firmly, "or the grandest great electric lights possible that'll make the place as bright as day. Nae twilight and naething mysterious and naething vague. Else I canna permit ye a garden party."

She had the party; but Sandy had his way.

A witty and resolute English clergyman, who found his Scotch gardener pruning a vine that had too many leaves to be beautiful, told the man to desist. Finding that he looked unconvinced and rebellious, the owner added: "Now, understand me; you are probably right, but I don't wish you to do what is right! And as it is my vine and there are no moral laws for pruning, you may as well do as I wish."



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